

NO.
20

CAPTAIN AMERICA

10c

NOVEMBER



Plus **7**
THRILLING PAGES
OF THE
SUB-MARINER

CAPTAIN AMERICA

NEW! DIFFERENT! EXCITING!

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Stan Lee,
Managing Editor

Number 20

Syd Shores
Associate Editor



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the Witch Queen.....Page 1
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Clammy Things Page 50

The Greatest
COMIC
MAGAZINE
in America!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

AN ANCIENT LONG-DEAD EVIL IS BROUGHT TO BIRTH AGAIN BY A GHOUL FROM OUT OF THE CENTURIES, AN EVIL BEING, A THING OF SCREECHING HORROR REINCARNATED. POSSESSOR OF THE ARTS OF BLACK MAGIC AS TAUGHT IN THE BOOK OF THOTH, THIS MONSTER OF ANCIENT, EVIL EGYPT FORSAKES HIS TOMB TO ONCE MORE TREAD THE EARTH AND BRING TERROR TO THE HEARTS OF MEN.

The SPAWN OF THE WITCH QUEEN



EGYPT,

LAND OF SUN
AND SAND,
OF PYRAMID
AND SPHINX,
SYMBOLIC
OF AN
ANCIENT,
LONG-DEAD
RACE,
WHOSE ARTS
OF BLACK
MAGIC
ONCE HELD
A CONTINENT
ENSLAVED.



NOW THE LONG, BROODING SILENCE OF THIS LAND OF DEATH AND DECAY IS BROKEN BY THE MYRIAD NOISES OF A GREAT ENDAMPMENT LYING IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOMB OF THE WITCH QUEEN. IN THIS, THE 20TH CENTURY, THE SOLDIERS OF AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN ARE ON THE MARCH.



WITH THE AMERICAN CONTINGENT WE FIND OUR OLD FRIENDS, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES, THE TWO MOST INCOMPETENT PRIVATES IN THE ARMY.

IT'S SO HOT, THESE POTATOES ARE BAKED BEFORE I CAN PEEL THEM!

AW, SARGE, CAN WE QUIT NOW?

YOU HAVE THOSE SPUDS MANICURED WHEN I COME BACK, OR I'LL PEEL YOUR HIDES!



LISTEN, STEVE, THAT SOUNDS LIKE A COMMOTION OUTSIDE!

LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS! IT MAY BE SERIOUS!



THE COLONEL'S BEEN MURDERED - STRANGLER!

LET'S GO, BUCKY!

INSIDE THE TENT, A GHASTLY SIGHT IS REVEALED!

I FOUND HIM THUS WHEN I ENTERED. IT'S THE CURSE OF THE PYRAMIDS CAPTAIN TARLETON!

THIS IS GHASTLY!... HORRIBLE!





LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE,
BUCKY!

WHO
COULD
HAVE
DONE IT,
STEVE?



IN THEIR TENT, THE TWO FRIENDS
DISCUSS THE TRAGEDY.

I DON'T KNOW
WHO DID IT, KID,
BUT I DO KNOW
WHAT DID
IT! THAT CHOKING CORD
WAS AN OLD THUGGER'S
CORD USED BY AN ANCIENT
GANG OF STRANGLERS!

WHAT'S
THAT
MEAN,
STEVE?



I MEAN TO FIND OUT,
BUCKY! AS PRIVATE
STEVE ROGERS, I CAN'T
GET INTO THAT TENT,
BUT ---



-- AS CAPTAIN
AMERICA, NOTHING
CAN STOP ME!

I'M RIGHT
WITH YOU,
CAP!



FEW SECONDS LATER, CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY SPEED TOWARD THE
MURDER TENT. AMERICA'S GREATEST CRIME
FIGHTERS ARE ON THE JOB!

YOU GO TOWARD THE
REAR OF THE TENT. I'LL
TAKE CARE OF THE
GUARD IN FRONT!

RIGHT,
CAP'!



THE GUARD IS QUICKLY DISPOSED OF!



INSIDE THE TENT,
THEY MAKE IMPORTANT
DISCOVERIES!

LOOK, BUCKY! THIS
CLAY ON THE FLOOR
COULD ONLY HAVE
COME FROM THE CLAY
PITS NEAR THE TOMB
OF THE WITCH
QUEEN!

CAP! I FOUND
A PIECE OF PAPER
CLUTCHED IN THE
COLONEL'S
HAND!

BOOK OF THOTH
is hypnotic state
such black magic
the will to kill is
Anubis, Queen
the depth
spirit



THEN BEGINS A
TITANIC STRUGGLE,
THE MIGHTY STRENGTH
AND COURAGE OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY PITTED
AGAINST THE SLIMY
POWER OF THE
TERRIBLE,
GIGANTIC SNAKE!

THIS CAN'T BE
THE END!

CAP! IT'S CRUSHING
ME!

JUST AS THE GREAT REPTILE IS ABOUT TO
SWALLOW HIS PREY, CAPTAIN AMERICA
MAKES ONE LAST, DESPERATE EFFORT!

HERE, BITE
ON THIS!

THEN, AS THE HUGE, REPTILIAN HEAD IS
LOWERED, THE VALIANT BATTLER SUMMONS
ALL HIS STRENGTH FOR THE DEATH BLOW!



HURRY, BUCKY,
BEFORE HE BEGINS
HIS DEATH-
STRUGGLE!

AS THE SNAKE, HIS HEAD CRUSHED, BEGINS HIS
DEATH STRUGGLE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY
WATCH THE AWE-INSPIRING SCENE FROM A PLACE OF
SAFETY!

THUD!

THE GIANT REPTILE
IS SOON DEAD!

LOOK AT THAT,
CAP! THE SNAKE'S
THRESHING ABOUT
OPENED UP THAT
SEALED ROOM!

WE'LL SEE
WHAT'S
INSIDE!

SOME
MORE
MUMMIES!

NO, NOT MUMMIES!
THESE MEN DIED
QUITE RECENTLY!
THEY'VE BEEN PRESERVED
BY THE SAND AND
DRY HEAT!

THIS IS
INTERESTING!
—A DIARY!

WHAT
DOES IT
SAY?

THIS IS MORE WEIRD
AND SERIOUS THAN I
SUPPOSED. READ THIS,
BUCKY! IT'S ALMOST
UNBELIEVABLE!

1912, AUG. 5 -- UPON ENTERING
THE WITCH QUEEN'S INNER
TOMB, WE FOUND THE
MUMMY OF A CHILD.
HEIROGLYPHS INSCRIBED
ON A PLAQUE TOLD US OF
PREPARATIONS TO MAKE
UPON THE CHILD. THIS WE
DID AND LEFT.
AUG. 12 -- TODAY WE AGAIN
ENTERED THE TOMB, TO
FIND A LIVE BOY IN PLACE
OF THE MUMMY WE HAD
LEFT. I, SIR GERALD
THORNTON, HAVE ADOPTED
HIM AS MY OWN SON AND
CHRISTENED HIM
LAWRENCE.

FURTHER ON, HE TELLS OF RETURNING LAST YEAR, WITH THIS ADOPTED SON, AND BEING SEALED IN THE WALL BY HIM.

THERE'S A MAP SHOWING HOW TO REACH THE INNER TOMB!



SUDDENLY, FLOATING BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES, AN APPARITION APPEARS, --- A LUMINOUS, GHASTLY MUMMY'S HEAD!

YOU FOOLS! GO, WHILE YOU ARE STILL SANE! THE BARRIER GATE AT THE MOUTH OF THIS, MY MOTHER'S TOMB, HAS BEEN LIFTED! GO! GO! BEFORE YOUR BRAIN BURNS AND YOUR SOULS SHRIVEL!



THE EERIE THING FLOATS INTO OBLIVION AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS IT APPEARED!

PHEN! IT'S GONE!

YES! AND LOOK, LAD! THE WAY OF ESCAPE IS OPEN! WHICH WAY DO YOU GO?



FORWARD, CAP! I'VE NEVER QUIT YET AND I WON'T NOW!

GOOD FOR YOU, PAL! I KNEW THAT WOULD BE YOUR ANSWER! LET'S GO!



SWIFTLY BUT SILENTLY THE TWO NOBLE AMERICANS SPEED TOWARD THE HEART OF THE HORROR -- THE INNER TOMB!

ALMOST THERE, KID!



ACCORDING TO THE DIRECTIONS IN THE DIARY, THE INNER TOMB LIES IMMEDIATELY AHEAD!

LISTEN! HEAR IT! THAT UNEARTHLY CHANTING?

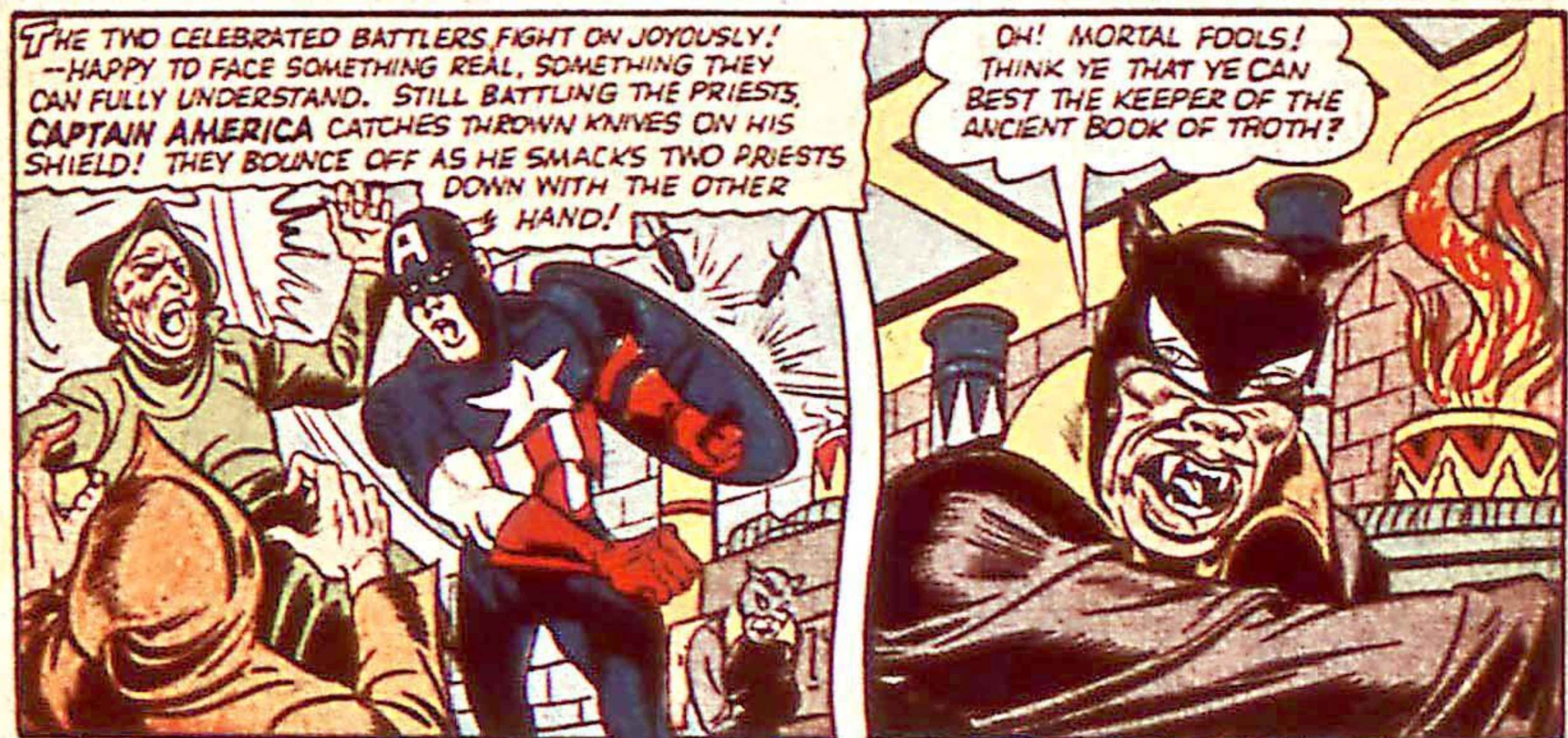
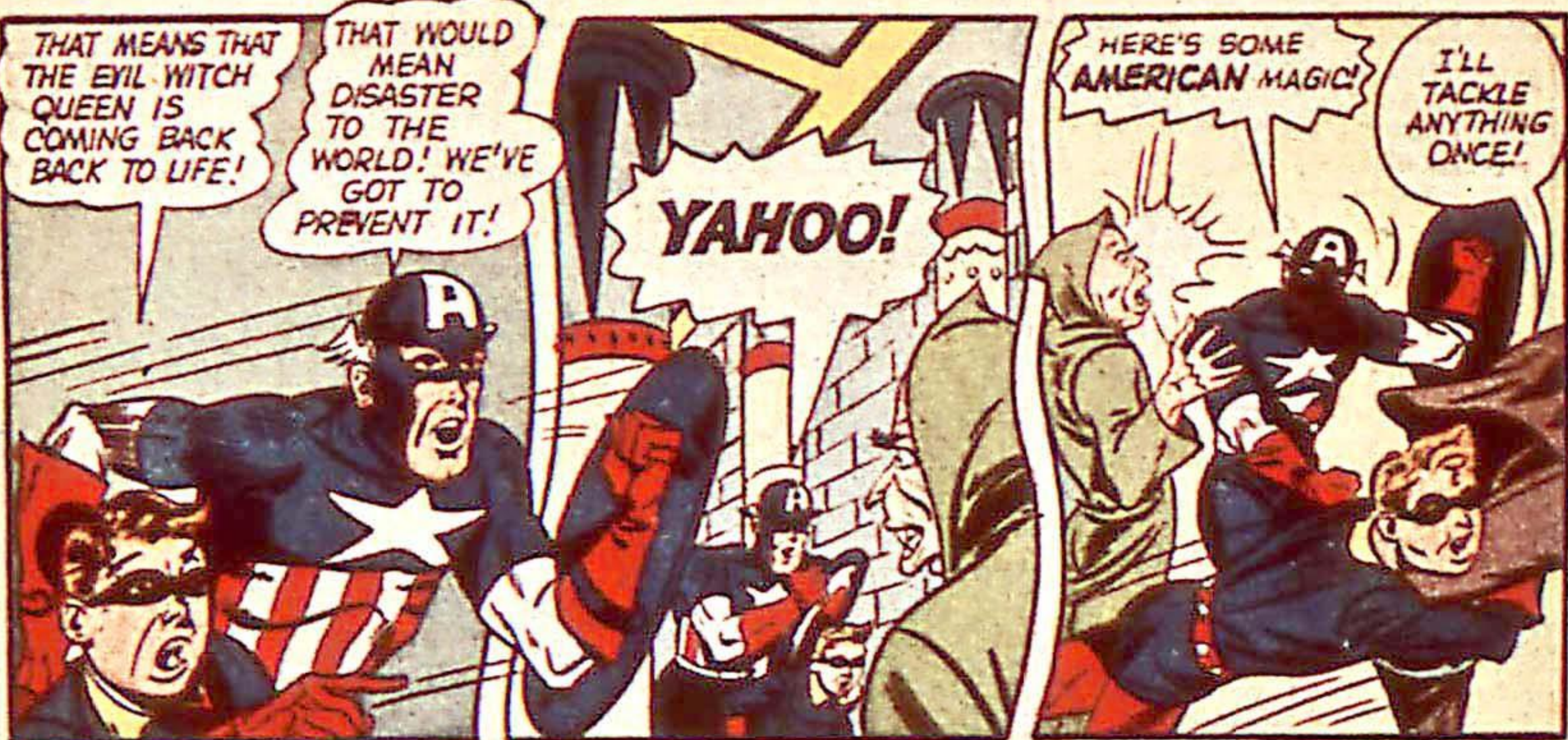


AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY PEEER INTO THE INNER TOMB, A SIGHT IS REVEALED WHICH CAUSES THEIR BLOOD TO CHILL!



OH, ISIS, MOTHER OF THE NILE! BRING THIS MUMMY, MY MOTHER, THE WITCH QUEEN, BACK TO EARTH ONCE MORE! SHE HAS BEEN PREPARED AS DESIGNATED IN THE BOOK OF THOTH! HEAR YE, ISIS, HEAR YE!





BUT, AS THE DARING BATTLEERS ARE ABOUT TO LAUNCH THEMSELVES UPON THE SPAWN OF THE WITCH-QUEEN, THEY SUDDENLY FALTER AND FALL TO THE TOMB'S FLOOR!

CAP!
WHERE ARE YOU? --I-I--
CAN'T SEE! --
MY HEAD! --
IT'S SPINNING!

THE SMOKE,
BUCKY! WE'RE
DRUGGED ---
DRUGGED!

DID YOU THINK
YOU COULD COMBAT
THE ANCIENT EVIL? YOU
FOOLS! YOU FOOLS!
ANKHA---IBI!

THE WALLS OF THE INNER TOMB OPEN, AS HIGH-PRIESTS ANSWER THE CALL OF THE CULT OF BLACK MAGIC!

THESE TWO
SHALL BE
PREPARED
FOR BURIAL!

ANKHA---
IBI!...

WITH THESE TWO
GONE, I SHALL
RESURRECT THE
WITCH-QUEEN, AND THROUGH
THE BLACK ARTS OF THE
BOOK OF THOTH, SOON
WE SHALL RULE
THE WORLD!

BUT THE SPAWN OF THE WITCH-QUEEN, HAS FAILED TO RECKON WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA'S POWERS OF RECUPERATION!

OH, EVIL ONE!
THIS ONE
STIRS!

WHAT! THAT
CANNOT
BE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA,
RECOVERED, FLEXES
HIS MUSCLES AND BURSTS
HIS FLIMSY BINDINGS

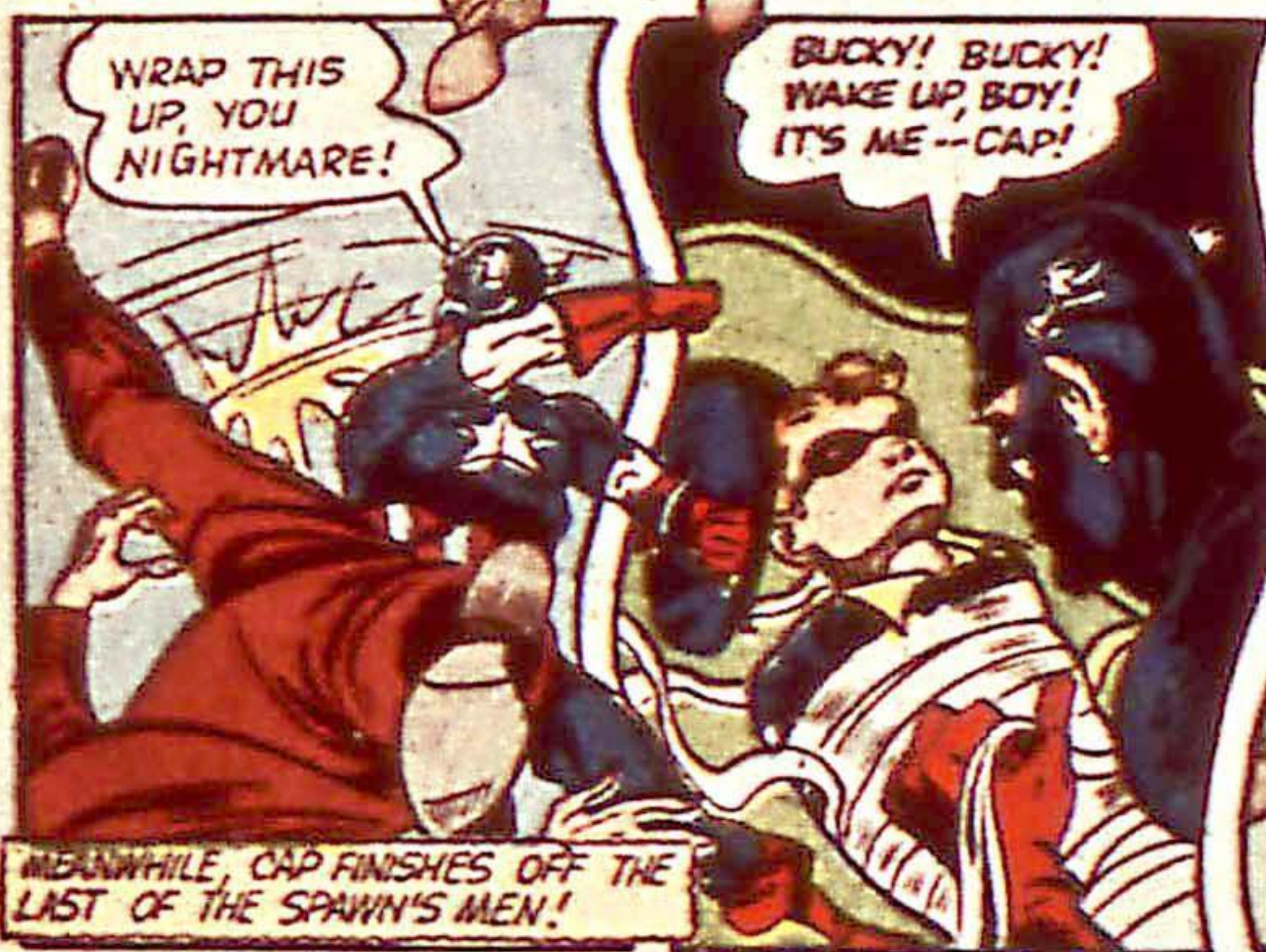
YOU CAN'T WRAP
THIS PACKAGE UP
AND GET AWAY
WITH IT!



ONCE PAST YOU TWO GOONS,
I'LL SETTLE SCORES WITH
YOUR FIENDISH LEADER!



THIS MAN OF
MIGHT IS NOT HUMAN!
I MUST PLAN HIS
DEATH MORE
CAREFULLY!



WRAP THIS
UP, YOU
NIGHTMARE!

BUCKY! BUCKY!
WAKE UP, BOY!
IT'S ME -- CAP!



HE'S GOT TO HAVE
FRESH AIR! THIS
PLACE SMELLS
LIKE A GRAVE!

MEANWHILE, CAP FINISHES OFF THE
LAST OF THE SPAWN'S MEN!



THERE'S
SOMEONE
AT THE TOMB'S
ENTRANCE!

HALLOO!
IS ANYONE
THERE?



AT THE TOMB'S ENTRANCE
STANDS BARBEC, THE
EGYPTIAN ORDERLY OF
THE MURDERED
COLONEL FITZPATRICK!

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

I HEARD NOISES
AND CAME TO
INVESTIGATE!



GIVE ME YOUR
CANTEEN! WE'VE
GOT TO BRING THIS
BOY AROUND FAST
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!

HE HAS BEEN
SMITTEN
WITH THE
EVIL CURSE
OF THE
PYRAMIDS!



SUDDENLY ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARS!

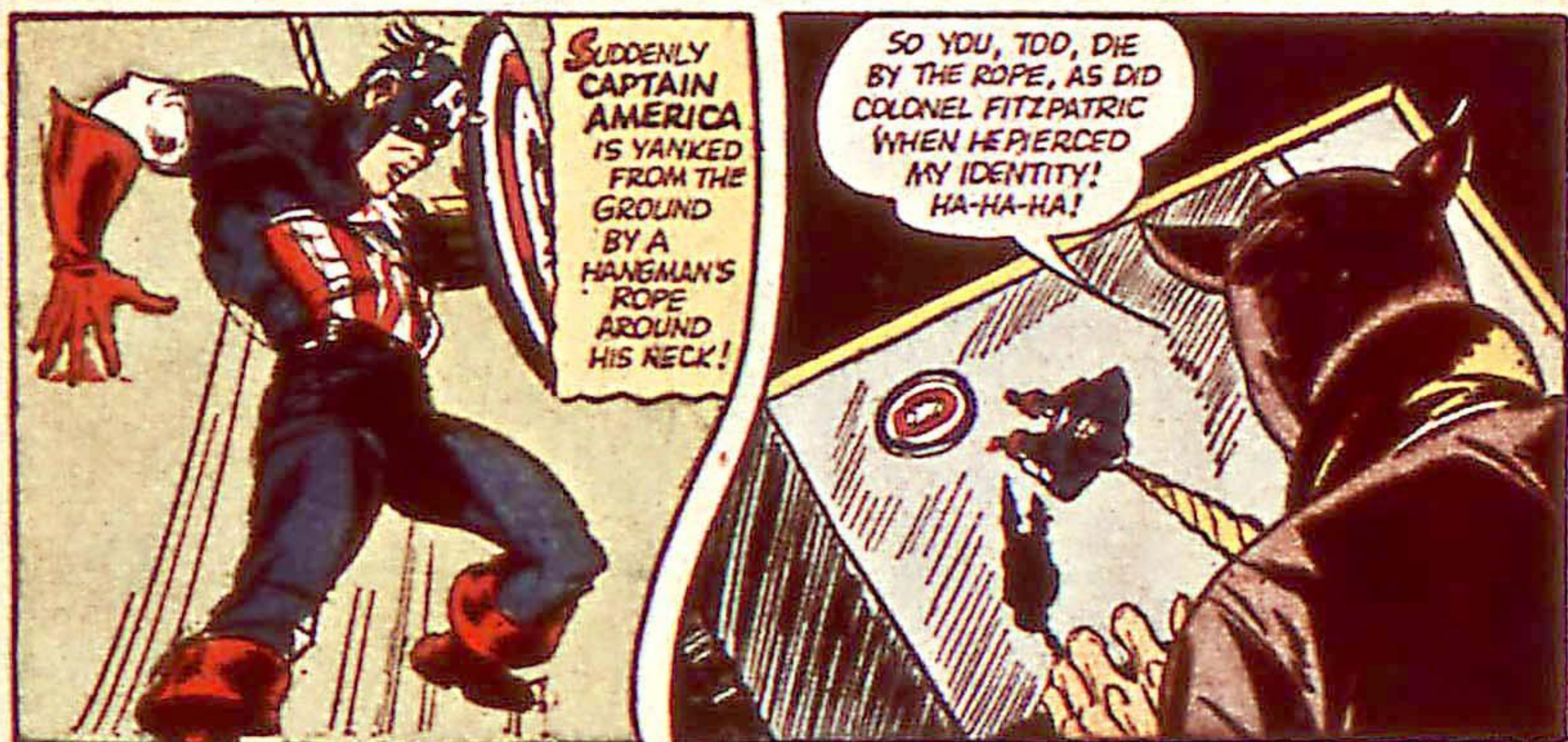
I SAY!... WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, OLD CHAP?

AH, CAPTAIN TARLETON, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE! THE BOY'S COMING TOO! TAKE CARE OF HIM! I HAVE WORK BACK THERE!

SUSPICIOUS OF THE EGYPTIAN, BUT WITH BUCKY PRESUMABLY SAFE, IN CAPTAIN TARLETON'S CARE, CAPTAIN AMERICA RETURNS TO THE INNER TOMB...

I MUST FIND THE BOOK OF THOTH AND DESTROY IT - OR ALL IS LOST!

THE EVIL BOOK MUST BE HERE IN THE INNER TOMB!



SUDDENLY CAPTAIN AMERICA IS YANKED FROM THE GROUND BY A HANGMAN'S ROPE AROUND HIS NECK!

SO YOU, TOO, DIE BY THE ROPE, AS DID COLONEL FITZPATRICK WHEN HE PERCED MY IDENTITY! HA-HA-HA!



MEANWHILE, AT THE MOUTH OF THE EVIL TOMB, BUCKY HAS COMPLETELY RECOVERED. HE IS ALONE. BOTH BARBEC AND CAPTAIN TARLETON HAVE VANISHED

GEE! I COULD HAVE SWORN SOMEONE WAS WITH ME A MINUTE AGO!

I WONDER WHERE CAP IS! HE MUST HAVE GONE BACK INTO THE TOMB!

I'M GOING BACK IN AND SEE IF I CAN FIND CAP. I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK, BUT I CAN'T LET CAP DOWN!

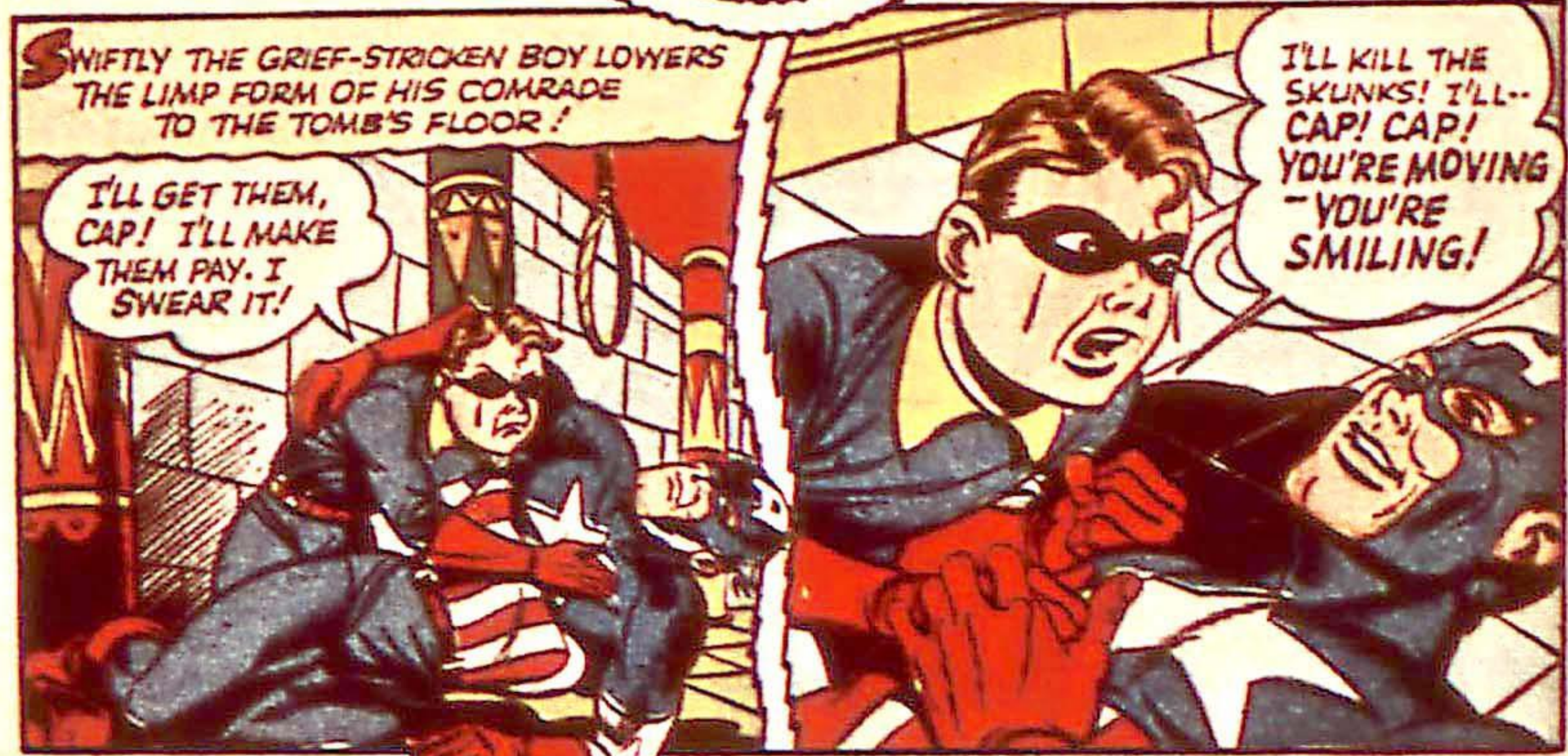


THE PLUCKY BUCKY FACES THE UNKNOWN ALONE, BRAVE OF HEART, POUNDING OUT THE TALE OF HIS COURAGE!

IF I EVER GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE, I'LL BE THE ORIGINAL WHITE-HAIRED BOY!

WHAT'S THAT HANGING! IT..IT'S...

CAP!..OH, CAP! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?



SWIFTLY THE GRIEF-STRICKEN BOY LOWERS THE LIMP FORM OF HIS COMRADE TO THE TOMB'S FLOOR!

I'LL GET THEM, CAP! I'LL MAKE THEM PAY. I SWEAR IT!

I'LL KILL THE SKUNKS! I'LL.. CAP! CAP! YOU'RE MOVING - YOU'RE SMILING!



YES, BUCKY! I'M NOT DEAD--YET!

BUT YOU WERE HANGING! I SAW IT, CAP!

IN A HOARSE VOICE THE DOUGHTY CRIME-FIGHTER EXPLAINS...

WHEN I FELT THE ROPE STRIKE MY THROAT, I TENSED MY NECK MUSCLES. THE BULGE OF THE MUSCLES TOOK THE FULL PRESSURE OF THE ROPE AND KEPT ME FROM BEING STRANGLLED! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME, LAD! ---I COULDN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

WHERE ARE BARBEC AND CAPT. TARLETON? I LEFT THEM TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!

I DON'T KNOW! I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THEM! I'M SUSPICIOUS OF THAT BARBEC GUY!



WE'VE NO TIME FOR THEORY NOW! WE MUST FIND THE BOOK OF THOTH AND DESTROY IT!

WHERE DO YOU THINK IT COULD BE?



THE LOGICAL PLACE TO LOOK WOULD BE HERE, UNDER THE ALTAR-- BED OF THE WITCH-QUEEN!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



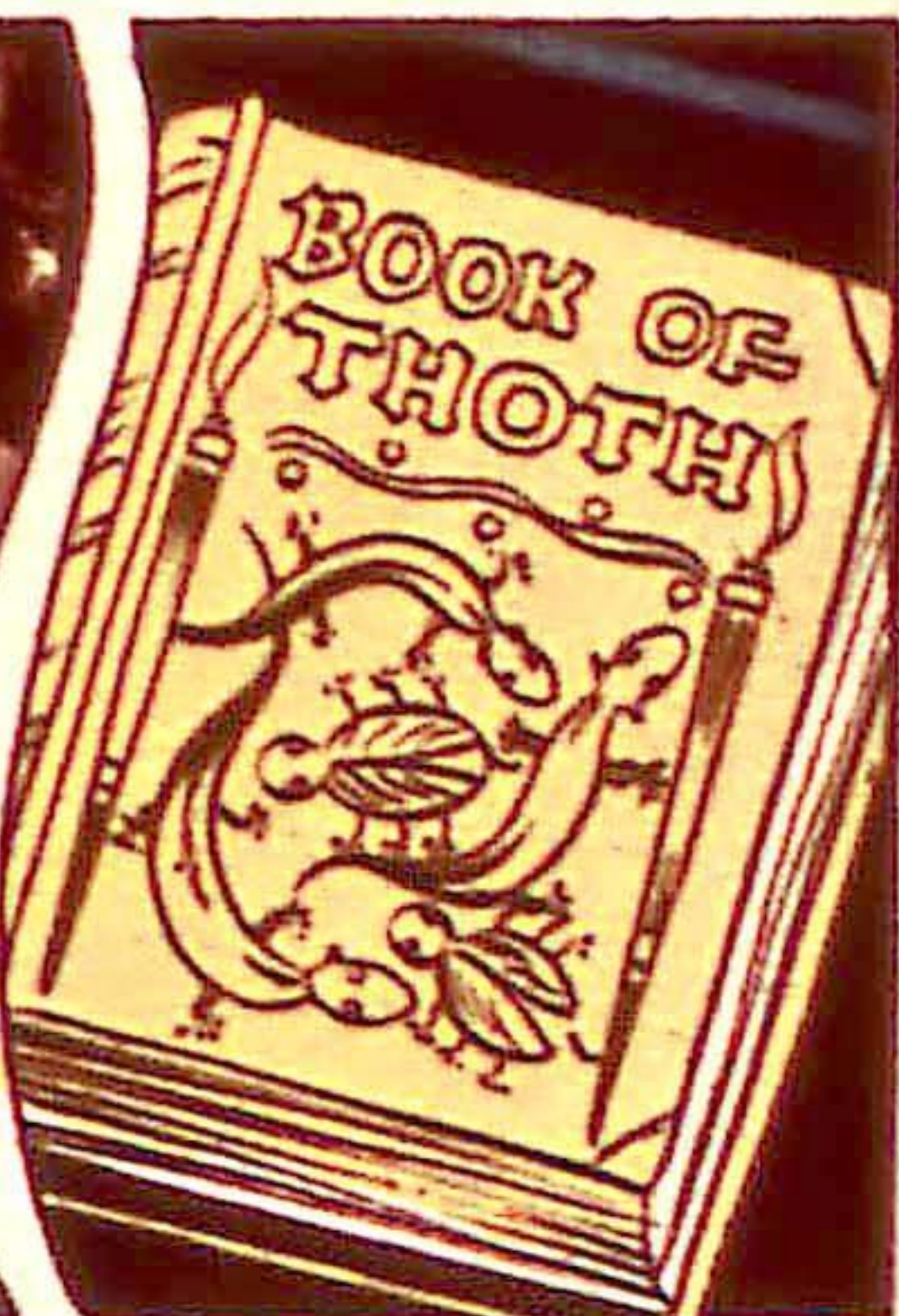
THE PETRIFIED MUMMY OF THE EVIL WITCH-QUEEN IS REMOVED FROM THE ALTAR AND THE TWO COMRADES PUT FORTH THEIR STRENGTH TO MOVE THE STONE!

IT'S MOVING! NOW--ALL TOGETHER-- ONE--TWO----



THREE!

IT'S THERE, CAP! LOOK!



BOOK OF THOTH



WE MUST DESTROY IT QUICKLY! --THE FIRE!--

STOP!



YOU HAVE AVOIDED DEATH MIRACULOUSLY! BUT NOW YOUR TIME HAS COME! I HAVE BROUGHT MY FRIEND OF THE NILE TO FEAST IN YOUR DEATH!

?



THE TERRIBLE BOOK OF TRUTH, HISsing AND MOVING LIKE A THING OF LIFE, IS CONSUMED BY THE LICKING FLAMES!

NOW YOU AND I HAVE A LITTLE BUSINESS TO SETTLE!

THIS SHOULD KNOCK THE DEVIL OUT OF YOU!



CAPTAIN TARLETON!

NO! LAWRENCE THORNTON, OR TO GO BACK FURTHER, THE SPAWN OF THE WITCH QUEEN. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF -- I AM BARBEC, THE EGYPTIAN, OF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE!

LOOK, CAP! HE'S TURNING INTO A MUMMY!

YES! AS SOON AS HIS BRAIN CEASES TO FUNCTION, HE BECOMES ANCIENT DUST AGAIN. FOR THIS REASON HE NEVER SLEPT SINCE THE DAY OF HIS REINCARNATION!

SUDDENLY THE ANCIENT WALLS OF THE TOMB BEGIN TO TREMBLE AND SHAKE!

QUICKLY! WE MUST LEAVE! THE TOMB IS CAVING IN!



THE REVERBERATION FROM THE SHOT WAS TOO MUCH FOR THESE OLD WALLS!

THIS PLACE IS A HOODOO!

THROUGH THE CRUMBLING RUINS THE INTREPID THREE RACE TOWARD THE DAWN LIGHTING THE TOMB'S ENTRANCE!

THERE'S THE ENTRANCE!

IT'S DAWN OUTSIDE!





THE TOMB CRUMBLES
BEHIND THEM AS THEY
DASH INTO THE OPEN!

AH! FRESH AIR!
NEVER FELT SO
GOOD BEFORE!

--AND
LIGHT
NEVER
LOOKED
SO GOOD
BEFORE!



BARBEC!
--LOOK
OUT!



AAAIEEEEE!



IS HE
DEAD,
CAP?

YES, BUCKY! SEE THE
IMPRINT ON HIS CHEEK
WHERE THE ARCH STRUCK?
IT'S THE MARK OF THE
WITCH QUEEN! THE SPAWN'S
LAST EVIL CURSE
HAS BEEN
CONSUMMATED!



LATER THAT MORNING...

RISE AND
SHINE! ME
SLEEPING
BEAUTIES!



AW, SARGE!
LET US GET A
LITTLE SLEEP,
WILL YOU?

GEE! I JUST
DREAMT THE
SARGE WAS
TRANSFERRED
TO ANOTHER
OUTFIT!
WHAT A
DREAM!



YOU WERE OUT ALL NIGHT!
WHAT YOU TWO HALF-WITS CAN
FIND TO DO IN THIS DESERT BEATS
ME! NO EXCITEMENT!--THE SAME
OLD ROUTINE DAY AFTER DAY!
YOU GUYS MUST BE BATS!
OH, WELL! C'MON! YOU'VE
GOT A DATE WITH SOME
POTATOES!

THE END

Tops!

**THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!**



YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS
OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL
BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY
TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY AND STATE _____



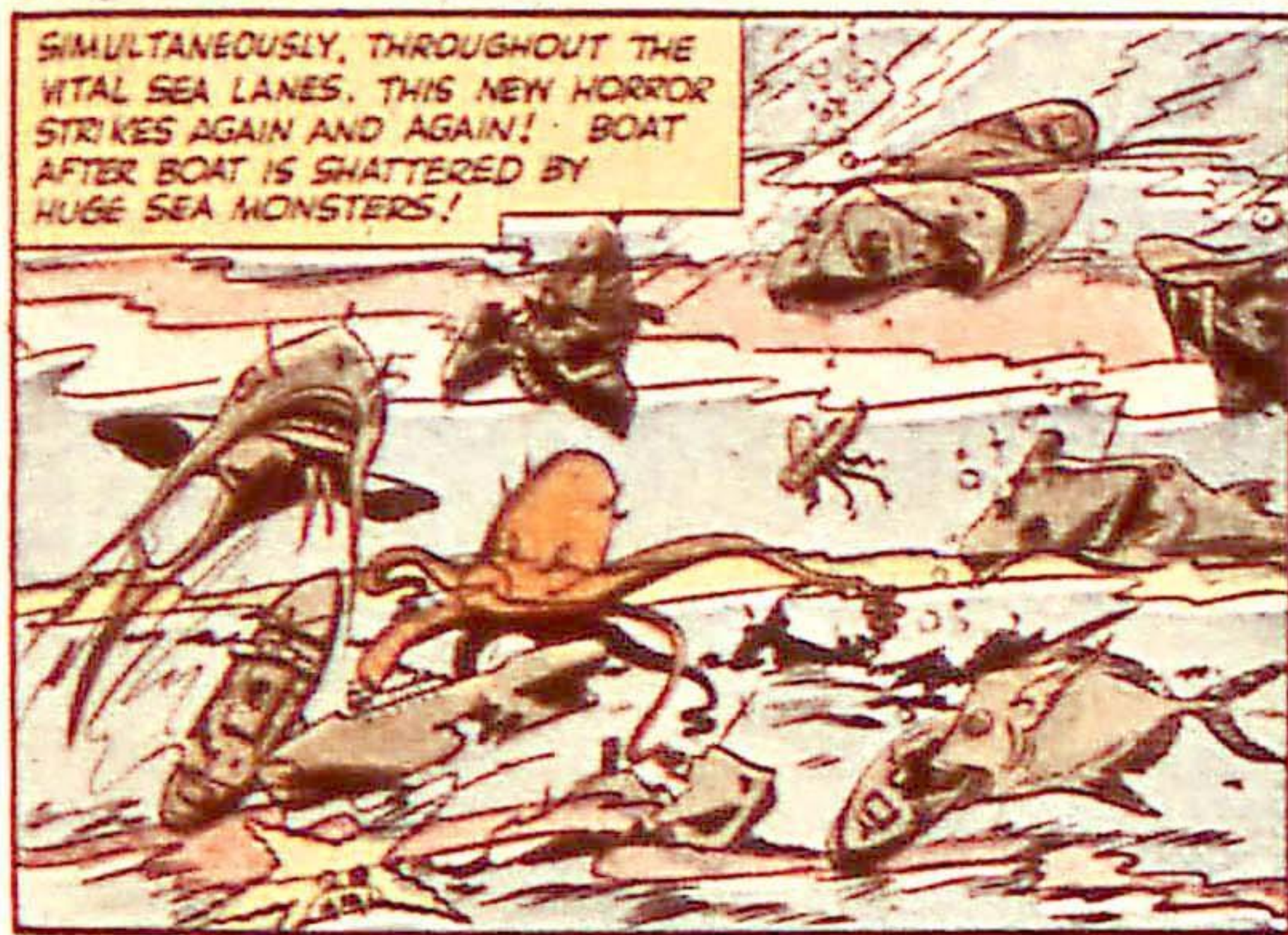
U.S. POST OFFICE
COMMERCIAL RATE

SUB-MARINER



IMPOSSIBLE! - SAID SUB-MARINER, BUT
THERE THEY WERE... FISH OF MONSTROUS
SIZE... DESTRUCTIVE AND DANGEROUS DENIZENS
OF THE DEEP!

WERE THEY NATURE'S CHALLENGE TO MAN'S INGENUITY?
... A POTENT FORCE RELEASED BY NATURE TO
BATTLE THE SHIPPING OF THE ALLIED NATIONS?
SUB-MARINER FOUND OUT WHEN HE STRUGGLED
AGAINST THE GIANTS OF THE DEEP!



LATER... ON AN OUTGOING SHIP...

I'M GLAD YOU'RE WITH US, SUB-MARINER!

YES--BUT THIS IS NO PLEASURE TRIP, CAPTAIN!

MILES OUT AT SEA...

THE COMPASS IS DOING A JITTERBUG DANCE! SOMETHING'S UP!

LOOK! THERE'S THE ANSWER!

A SWORDFISH! IT'S AS BIG AS THE SHIP! HELP!

THE GIANT STRIKES!

WOW! BOY! IT RIPPED RIGHT THROUGH THE MID-SECTION!

CRASH!

HES PULLED OUT HIS SWORD FOR ANOTHER THRUST! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

PRINCE NAMOR GETS A HOLD ON THE MONSTER'S SWORD!

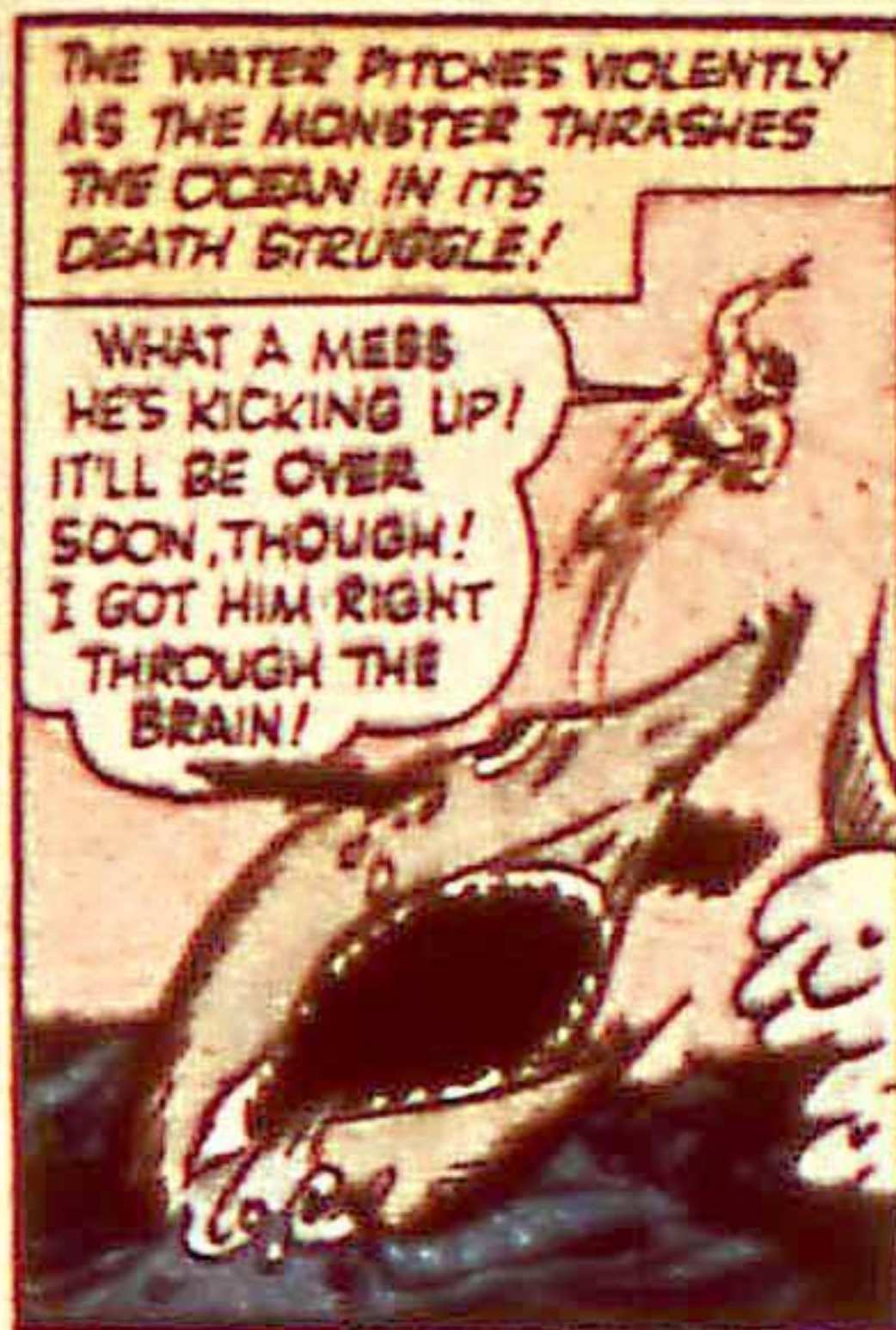
NOW-- IF I CAN ONLY...

-- SNAP IT! THERE!

CRACK!



MAKES A GOOD
HARPOON!
RIGHT THROUGH
THE HEAD!



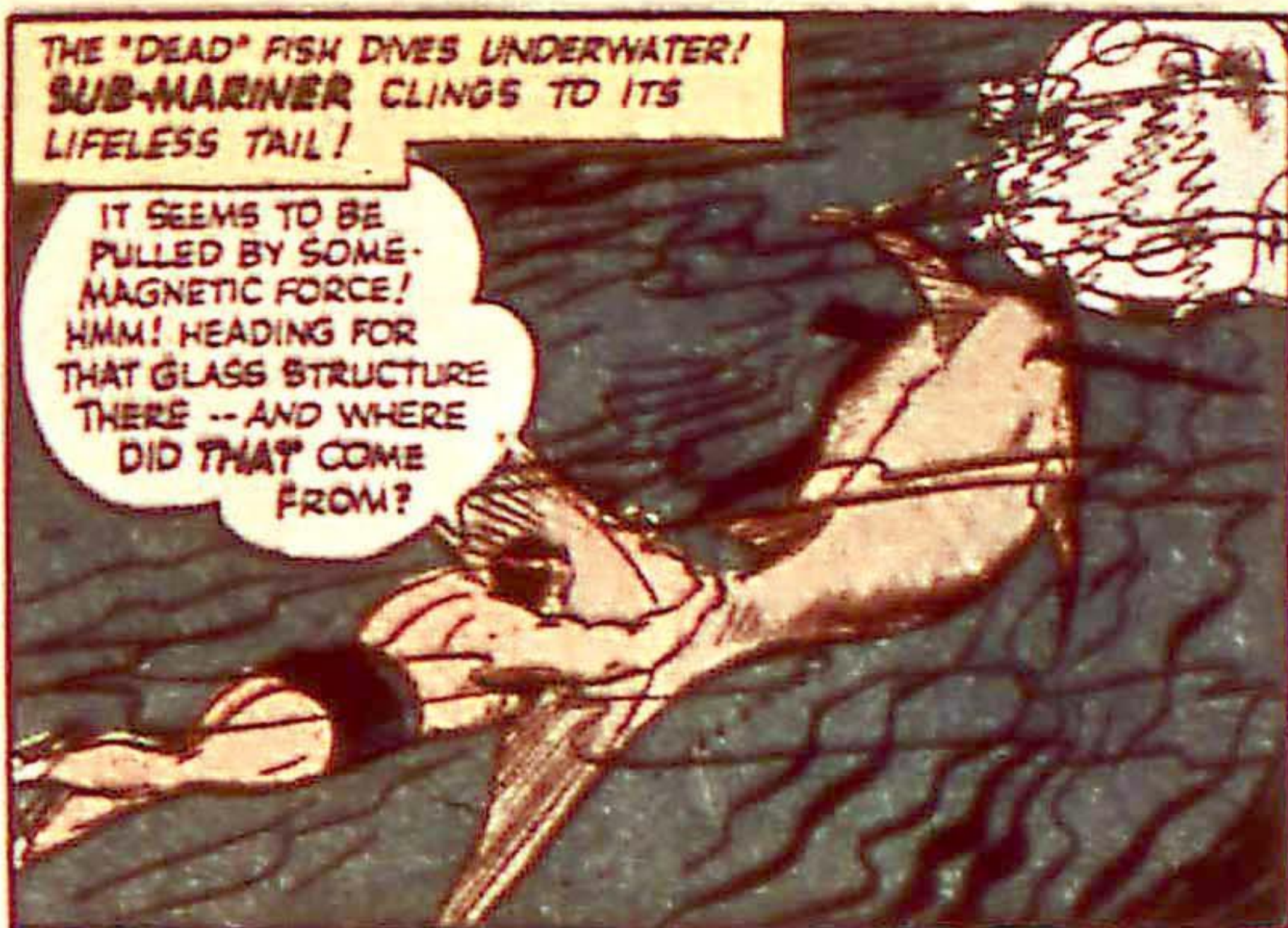
THE WATER PITCHES VIOLENTLY
AS THE MONSTER THRASHES
THE OCEAN IN ITS
DEATH STRUGGLE!

WHAT A MESS
HE'S KICKING UP!
IT'LL BE OVER
SOON, THOUGH!
I GOT HIM RIGHT
THROUGH THE
BRAIN!



THE STRUGGLE CEASES ---
BUT THEN ---

DEAD!
-HEY!
--IT'S
MOVING
AWAY!



THE "DEAD" FISH DIVES UNDERWATER!
SUB-MARINER CLINGS TO ITS
LIFELESS TAIL!

IT SEEMS TO BE
PULLED BY SOME
MAGNETIC FORCE!
HMM! HEADING FOR
THAT GLASS STRUCTURE
THERE -- AND WHERE
DID THAT COME
FROM?



THE FISH WENT
THROUGH THIS
AIR-LOCK! NOW
TO SEE WHAT
THIS IS ALL
ABOUT!



SEVERAL MEN CLAD IN
DIVING SUITS APPEAR
FROM A SMALL AIR-LOCK
ENCLOSURE ...

LOOK!
IT'S
DEAD!

KILLED BY
ITS OWN
SWORD!

PERHAPS
THE ANSWER
TO THIS
MYSTERY
LIES BEHIND
THAT
AIR-LOCK!



INSIDE THE AIR-LOCK,
SUB-MARINER DRAINS
THE WATER!

THERE! -- NOT MUCH
WATER LEFT! THIS
DOOR HERE MUST
LEAD INSIDE ---

WATER
OUT

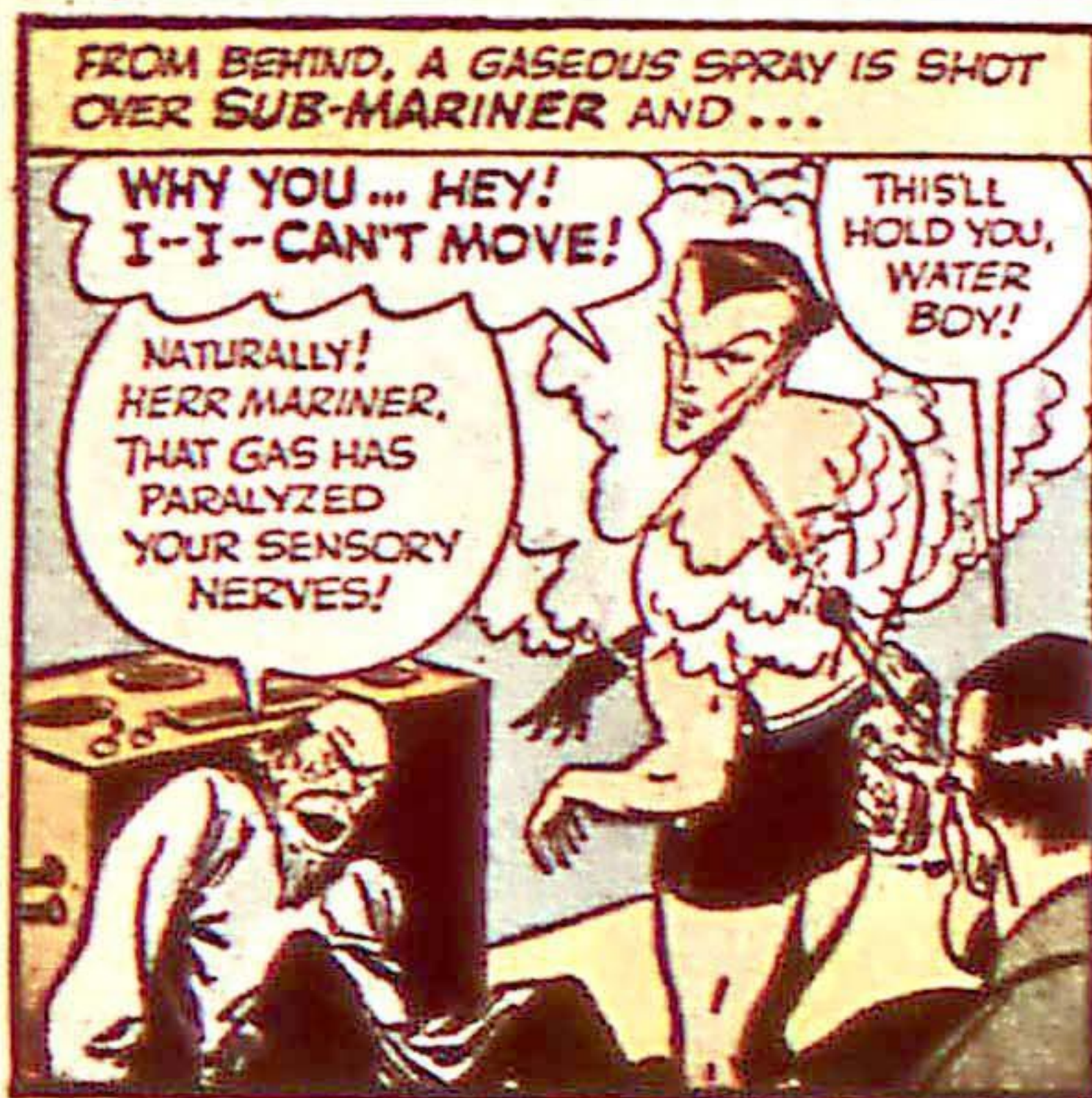
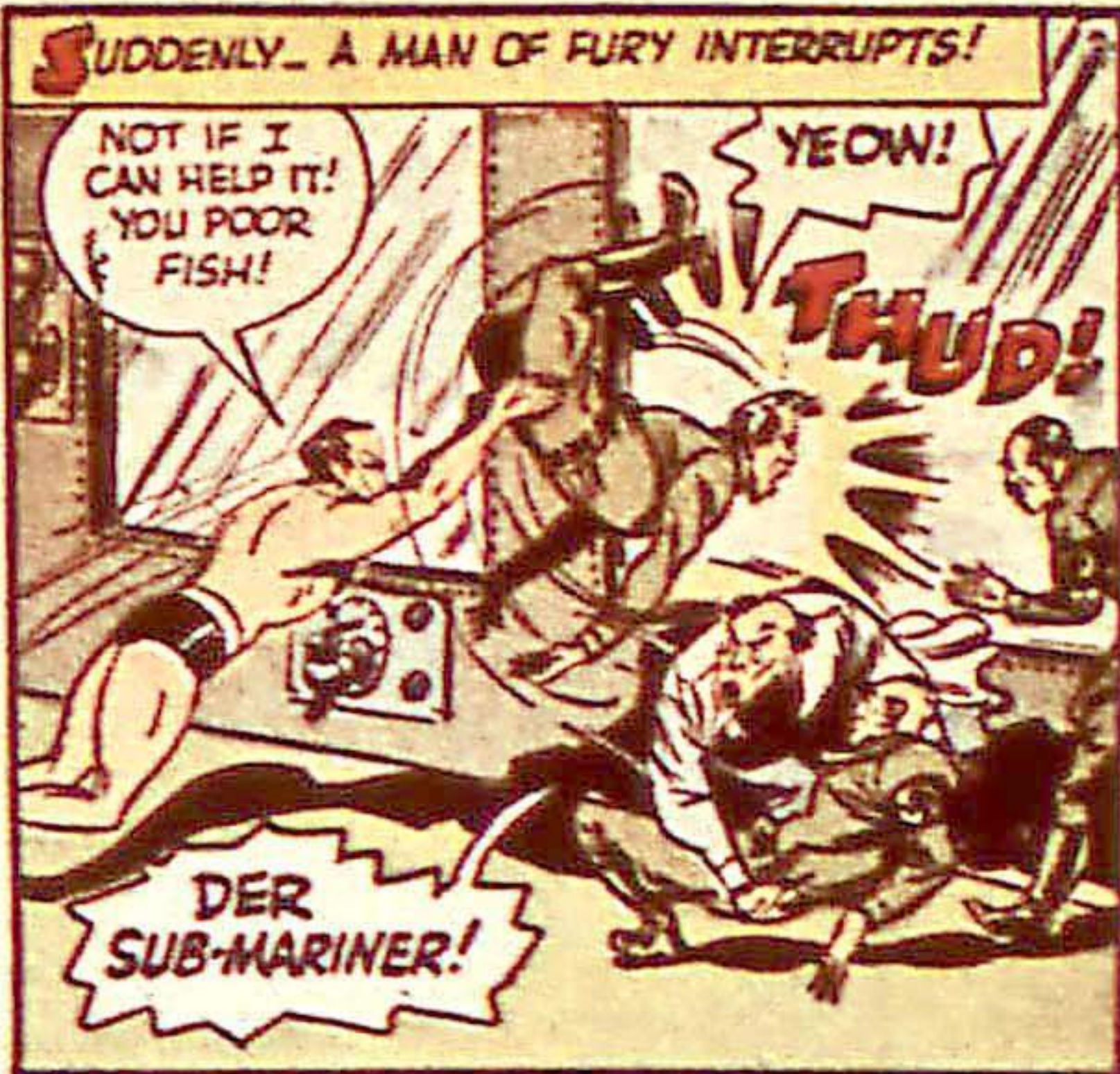


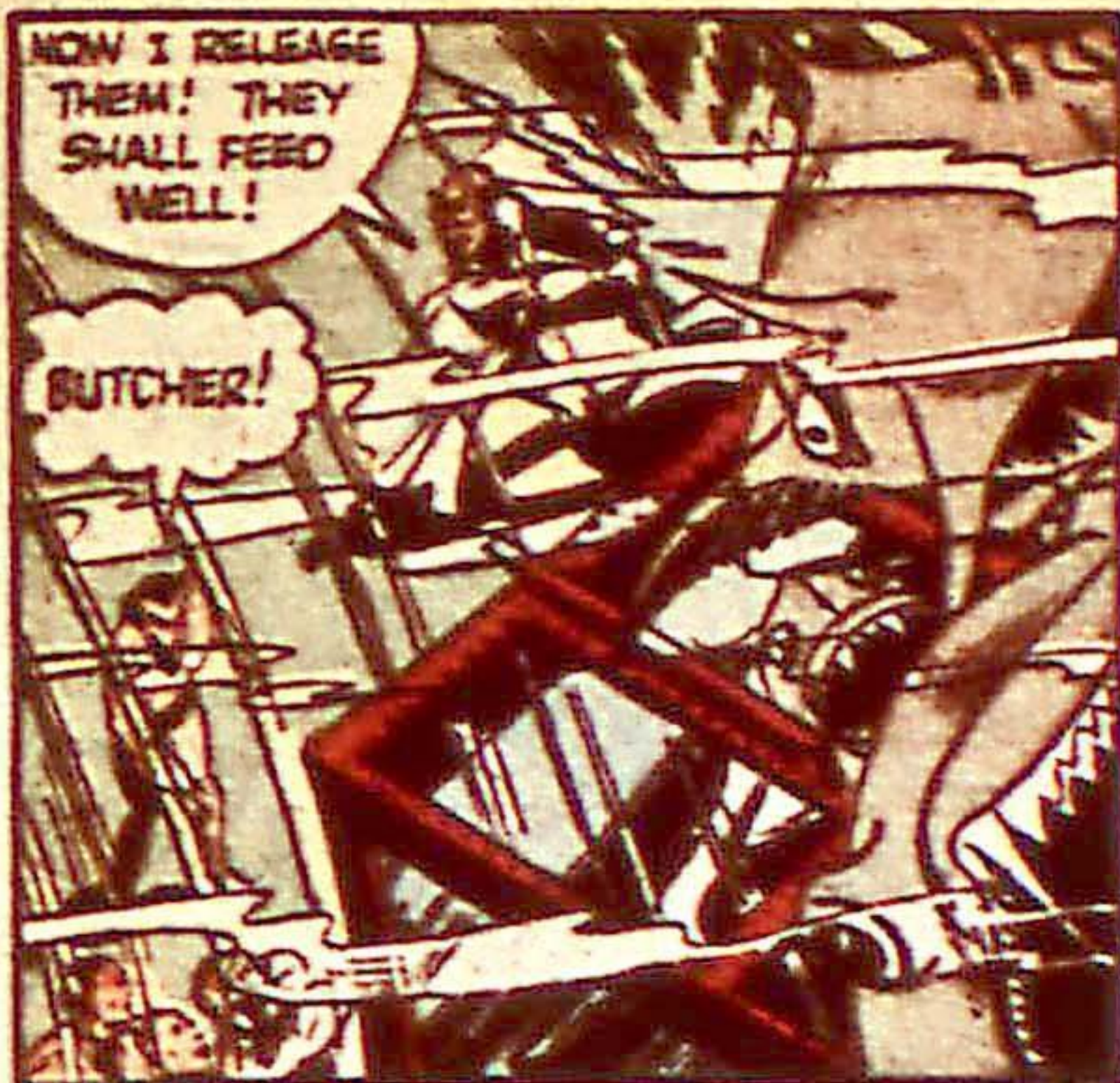
THE DOOR OPENS!
SUB-MARINER SEES ---

NOW FOR THE
MASTER STROKE
OF MY INGENUITY
FOR THE
FATHERLAND!

YA,
PROFESSOR
HOLTZ!

NAZIS!





NOW I RELEASE THEM! THEY SHALL FEED WELL!

BUTCHER!



GROWING EVER LARGER, THE AWESOME FISH APPROACH NEW YORK HARBOR!

HOLY CLAMS! I'D BETTER NOTIFY THE NAVY!

GRRR-PIT-PIT



BUT HOLZ UNDERESTIMATES PRINCE NAMOR'S SUPERIOR STRENGTH, AND ---

YOU DIDN'T THINK YOUR PUNY GAS WOULD HOLD ME DID YOU?

HE'S FREE! HELP!



I DON'T NEED RAYS TO MAKE MY PUNCHES BIG!

GULP! OOTCH! MY DENTAL PLATE!



THIS WILL REVERSE THOSE OVERGROWN SEA FOODS!

BAH! THE DENTIST SAID THEY WERE GUARANTEED NOT TO FALL OUT! ---

BAH! THOSE NAZI DENTISTS! BAH!



ALTHOUGH THE FISH RETAIN THEIR TREMENDOUS SIZE, A STRONG MAGNETIC FORCE DRAGS THEM BACK!

YEEOWW! THEY'RE GOING BACK NOW! WHERE'S THE NAVY!



MEANWHILE, SUB-MARINER HOPS UP!

WHAT IS THIS, A FIGHT OR A DANCE? YA NEED A DANCING PARTNER! HERE! TAKE HIM!

DOOF!



THAT'S OVER! OH! OH! THOSE THINGS ARE COMING BACK TO ROOST! BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

SUB-MARINER LEAVES AS SEVERAL DARK FORMS SHOOT DOWN TOWARD A SMALL OPENING IN THE BUILDING!

WOW! THERE'S GOING TO BE PLENTY OF FIREWORKS WHEN THOSE MONSTERS TRY TO GET THROUGH THAT CUBBY-HOLE THEY LEFT!



THE HUGE FISH SQUASH INTO THE BUILDING! ---

ATTABABIES! HIT IT HARD!

THUD!



AS MILLIONS OF TONS OF FISH-FLESH SLAM INTO THE GLASS LABORATORY!...

CRACK!



A DELUGE OF WATER SEEPS IN THROUGH THE CRACK, FLOODS THE ELECTRICAL APPARATUS AND SHORT-CIRCUITS IT!

BOOM!



AFTER THE MESS CLEARS...

I'LL BET THOSE FISH WERE SURPRISED!



HEY! THE WHOLE NAVY IS HERE!

NAMOR! WE SAW THE EXPLOSION! EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?



LATER... ABOARD THE DESTROYER!

SO HOLZ'S LITTLE PLAN BACKFIRED HE AND HIS DEVIL-FISH WONT BOTHER ANYBODY AGAIN!

SPLENDID WORK, NAMOR!

WHEW! WHAT A FISH STORY THAT WAS!



AHOY, THERE! ALL YOU LUBBERS!

SUB-MARINER'S "HOME PORT" IS

MARVEL COMICS

OUT EVERY MONTH WITH A REAL SALTY TALE... FEATURING THE AMAZING

SUB-MARINER!



THE CASE OF THE KILLER SHYLOCK!

IN AN INNOCENT APPEARING CANDY STORE, CHARLES "CHERRY" CHWATT, SINISTER SHYLOCK, GLUTS HIMSELF WITH HIS FAVORITE DISH...

PLEASE, CHERRY, I'LL PAY YOU BACK, ONLY GIVE ME MORE TIME!

FIX ME UP ANOTHER PLATE OF CHERRIES, CURLEY!

BUT YOU'LL KILL ME LIKE ALL THE OTHERS WHO BORROWED FROM YOU! PLEASE, PLEASE! I'M A FAMILY MAN! I'VE GOT A CHILD!



PLEASE! OHOOOO!

SHUT UP! DUMP HIM, BOYS!

NO! NO! DON'T KILL ME! MY FAMILY... MY BOY!

SHUDDUP, OR WE'LL BUMP YOU OFF RIGHT HERE!



MORE CHERRIES NEXT TIME, CURLEY! THEY CALL ME A TOUGH SHYLOCK BUT I PLAY FAIR, DON'T I? IF THEY BORROW AN' DON'T PAY BACK... WELL...

SURE, CHERRY, SURE... LIKE YOU SAY!



SOME TIME AFTER, AT THE HOME OF THE WHITES...

HURRY TO THE BUTCHER SHOP AND SEE WHAT'S KEEPING YOUR FATHER, TODDY! I'M WORRIED!

YES, MUMMY!



THE SECRET



RODDY HURRIES, BUT....

THE STORES EMPTY!

MEAT MARKET

FANCY FOWL

MEAT MARKET

FRANTIC OVER HIS FATHER'S DISAPPEARANCE, TODDY RUNS TO THE CANDY STORE...

MY FATHER, THE BUTCHER, IS HE HERE? PLEASE?

THE BUTCHER? FROM NEXT DOOR? HAW, I AIN'T SEEN HIM!

RACING TAB

IN DESPERATION, TODDY TURNS TO CHERRY...

MISTER, HAVE YOU SEEN HIM? MOM'S AWFULLY WORRIED... HE HASN'T COME HOME YET!

BEAT IT, KID! YOU'RE LIKE YER OL' MAN... A PEST!

YOU CAN'T CALL MY DAD THAT, YOU BIG BULLY!

OF ALL THE... BOYS! DUMP HIM!

WE OUGHTTA GIVE YOU WHAT WE GAVE YER OL' MAN, YOU PUNK!

IF I WERE ONLY BIGGER I'D... IT'S RODDY COLT! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

WHAT'S UP, TOD?

TODDY TELLS HIS STORY AND....

EASY, NOW! OF COURSE I'LL HELP! I'LL GO GET THE SECRET STAMP... WAIT HERE!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!

CANDY

THE SECRET



RODDY COLT DASHES INTO AN ALLEY... AND THE NEWSBOY DISAPPEARS... BUT THE SECRET STAMP, BOY HERO, APPEARS IN HIS STEAD!

I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



GEE! WOW! THE SECRET STAMP... IN PERSON! WILL YOU HELP ME FIND MY DAD?

YOU BET! BUT FIRST I MUST TALK TO YOUR MOTHER!



TODDY! AND THE SECRET STAMP! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!

AT THE WHITE'S HOME...

TODDY'S ALL RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU, MRS. WHITE!

LOOK, MOM! LOOK WHOM I BROUGHT HOME!



MRS. WHITE'S INFORMATION FILLS IN PART OF THE MYSTERY...

SO MR. WHITE BORROWED MONEY FROM CHERRY CHWATT TO KEEP THE STORE GOING... RIGHT?

Y-Y-YES... BUSINESS WAS BAD... AND... OOH!



DON'T WORRY, MRS. WHITE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS... MY WAY!



AS RODDY COLT, THE SECRET STAMP INVADES THE CANDY STORE OF THE KILLER SHYLOCK!

TA-TA-TA ♪ DE-DA-TUM ♪

PLEASE! I'LL PAY YOU BACK... BUT DON'T...

SHUT UP, YOU OLD WINDBAG!



RODDY NONCHANTLY SLIDES INTO A PHONE BOOTH...

SHUT UP, I SAID... OR I'LL...





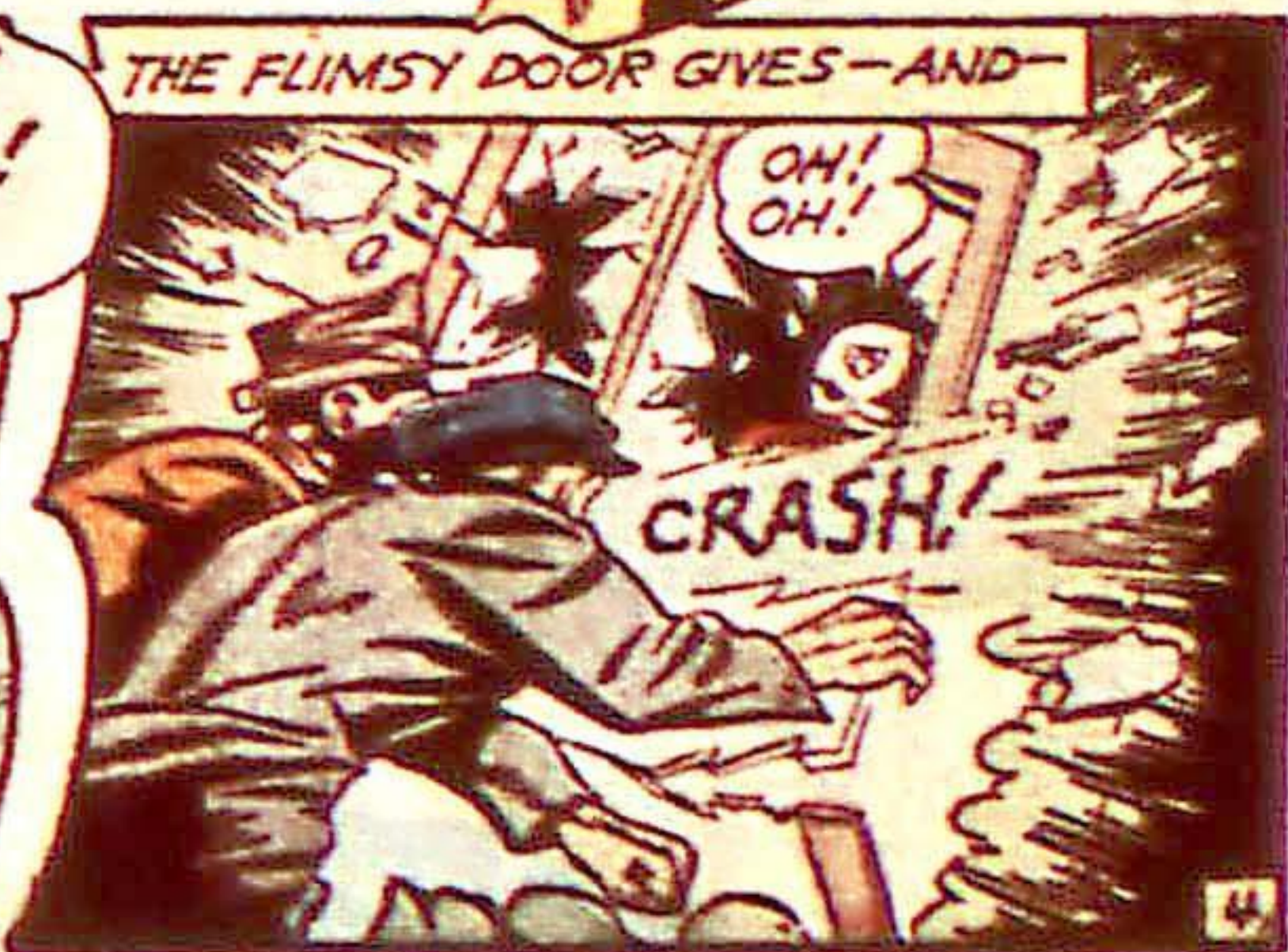
THE SECRET



RODDY IS HORRIFIED AS THE HEARTLESS MONEY LENDER ORDERS HIS THUGS TO MURDER THE SHRIEKING, FEAR-FRENZIED WOMAN!



RODDY QUICKLY CHANGES INTO THE SECRET STAMP, THEN...



CRASH!



THE SECRET STAMP IS SMASHED OUT THRU THE BACK END OF THE BOOTH!



STAY STILL, YOU LITTLE RAT!

I'LL KILL —
OOOPH!

LOOK!
IT'S THAT
KID — THE
SECRET
STAMP!

OUTSIDE, POLICE AND FIREMEN RESPOND TO THE SECRET STAMP'S CALL AND IN THE CONFUSION CHWATT SNEAKS AWAY!



THE
SECRET
STAMP
CHASES
HIM,
BUT —

HE
GOT AWAY...
THE —



CHWATT'S RESPONSIBLE FOR WHITE'S TROUBLE... I'M AFTER HIM!

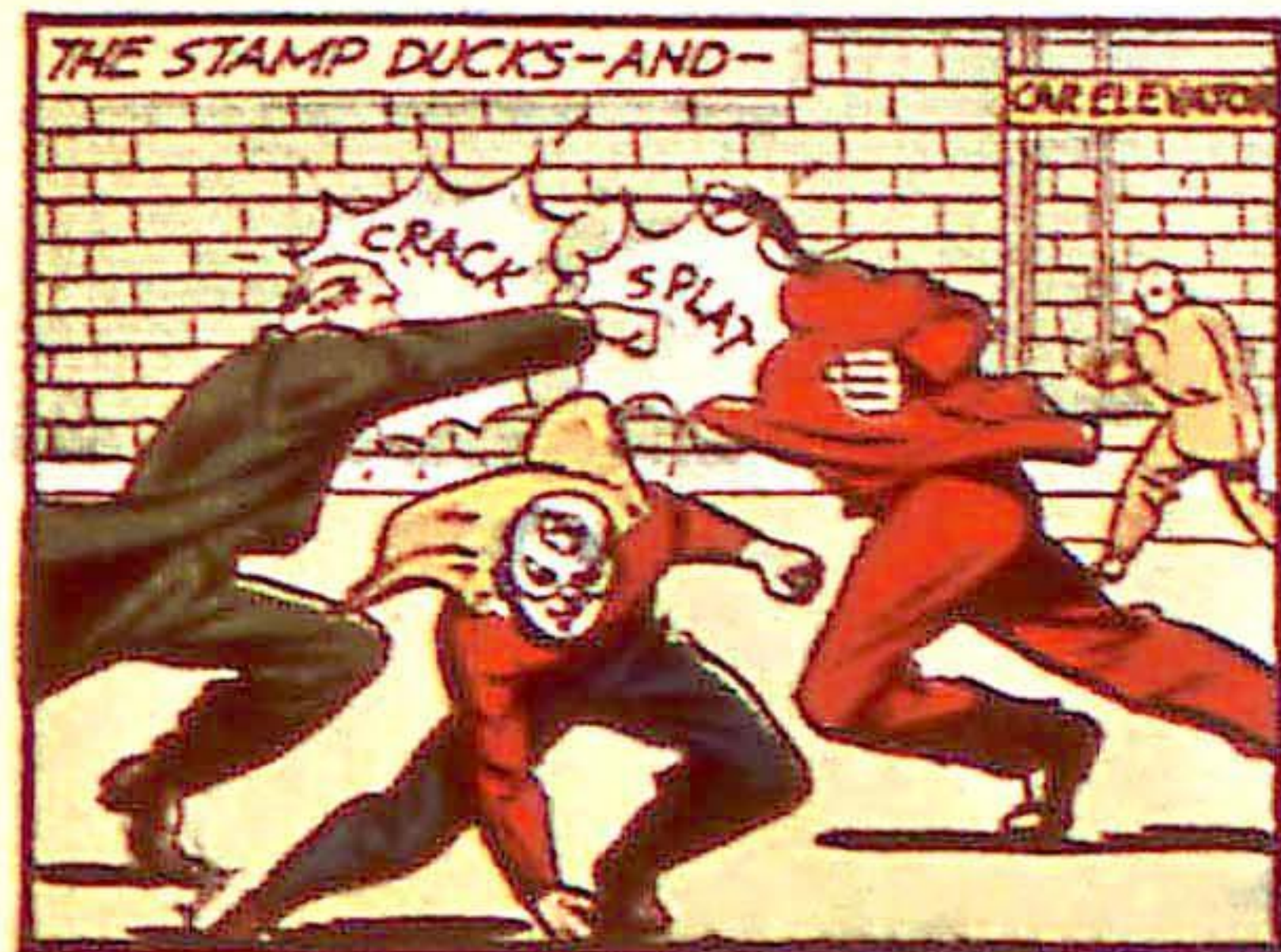
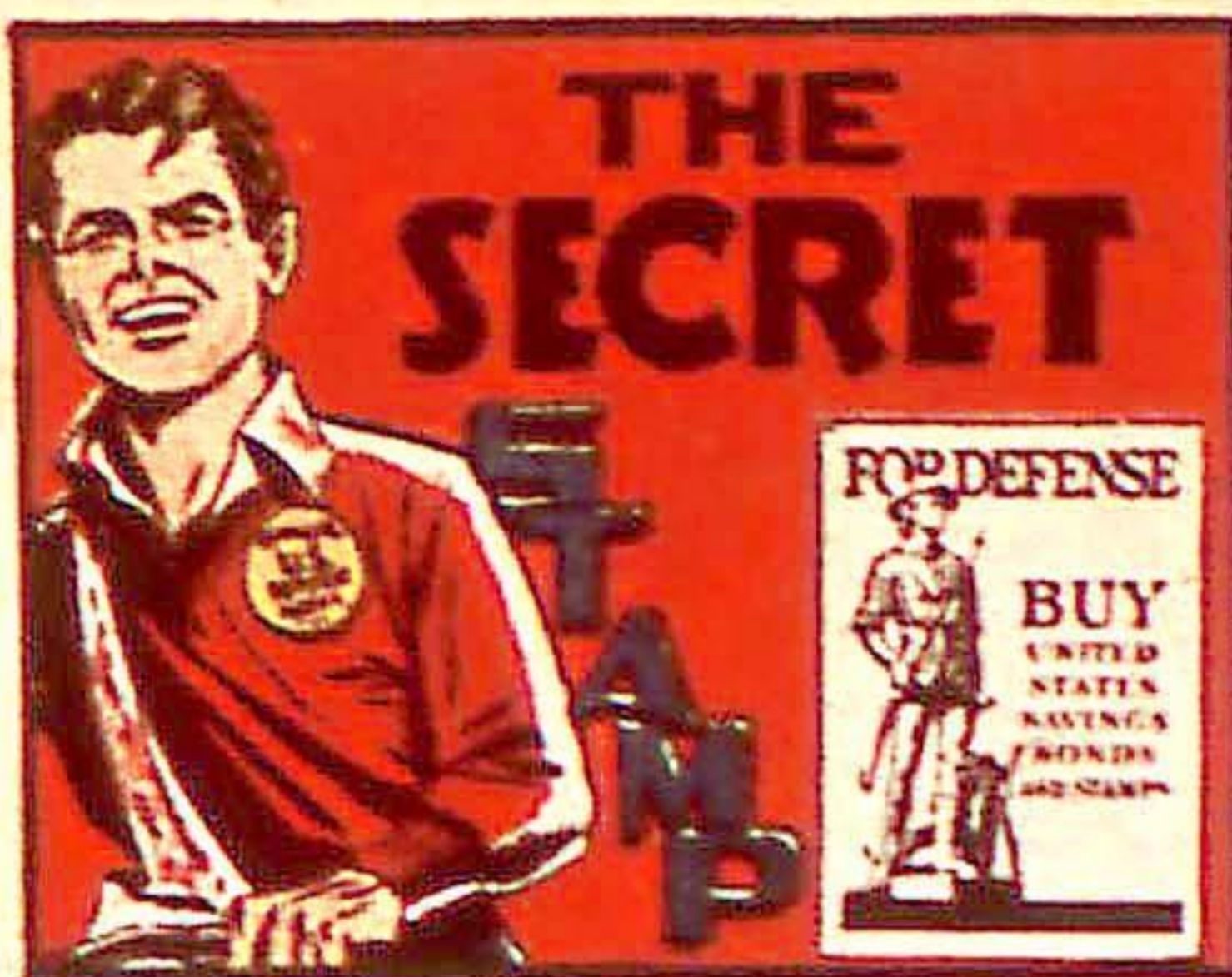
IT'S NO USE, KID!
NO ONE WILL TESTIFY
AGAINST HIM!

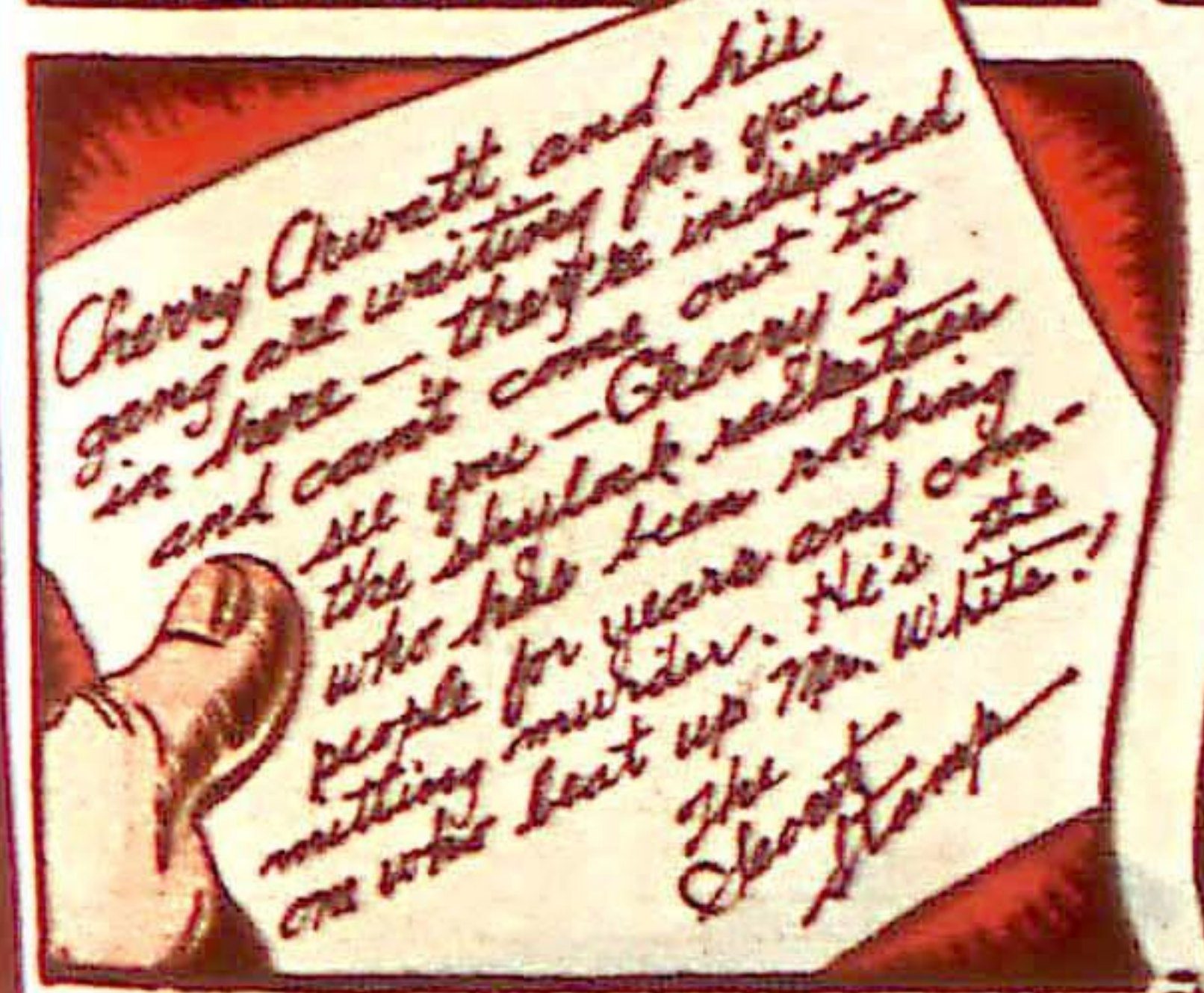
JUST THEN, TODDY RUSHES UP —



THEY FOUND
MY FATHER
OUT AT THE
CITY DUMPS!

WHAT!





THE FIEND THAT
WAS THE FAKIR!



CAPTAIN

AMERICA

BENARES
INDIA ... 1942

THE U.S. ARMY TROOP
TRAIN NEARS THEIR
ENCAMPMENT ON THE
BANKS OF THE GANGES,
THE HOLY RIVER...



WELL, BUCKY BOY, HERE WE ARE...
ONE OF THE STRANGEST PLACES
ON EARTH!



UH-HUH! IT'S
WEIRD ALL RIGHT,
STEVE!

INSPECTION IS ORDERED... GENERAL HAYWOOD
ADDRESSES HIS TROOPS...



MEN, I KNOW YOU
HAVE WONDERED WHERE
WE WERE GOING... AND
WHY! WE WERE SAILING
UNDER SEALED
ORDERS...



BUT NOW AT
LAST I CAN TELL
YOU... THE JAPS
ARE PREPARING
TO INVADE INDIA!
OUR JOB IS TO
STOP THEM!



STOMACH IN,
ROGERS!
STAND LIKE
A SOLDIER!



THE SITUATION IS BAD...
THE JAPS ARE CONSPIRING
WITH THE FANATICAL
HILL-TRIBES WHO ARE
SABOTEURS... FIFTH
COLUMNISTS! THEIR
LEADER IS THE DANGEROUS
HIGH PRIEST... THE FANATIC
KNOWN AS THE FAKIR!
BUT WE'LL ROLL HIM
UP LIKE A RUG...
NOW, DISMISSED!



HOORAH!

LOOK OUT,
FAKIR!

SERGEANT DUFFY GIVES A SEVERE TONGUE-LASHING TO HIS PET, PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS

AND AS FOR YOU, ROGERS, YOU.... YOU... WIPE OFF THAT GRIN! PULL IN YOUR BELLY AND...

BUT PARDON ME, SARGE! YOU'VE GOT A BUTTON MISSING FROM YOUR BLOUSE!

BUTTON? OFF MY BLOUSE? WELL, I'LL BE...

YES, SIR?

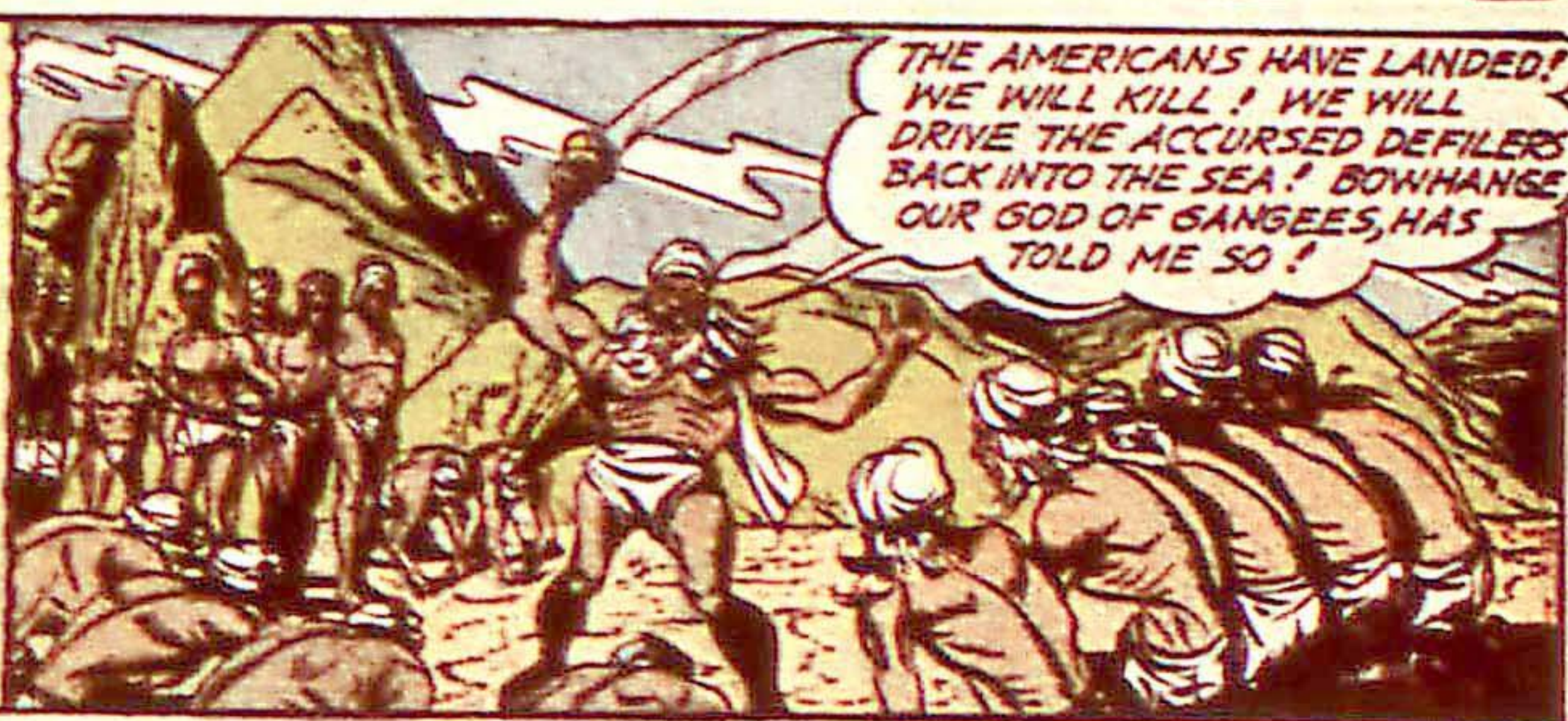


OKAY, WISEGUY! I'LL TAKE THE WIND OUT OF YOUR SAILS! YOU'LL LEARN TO RESPECT SUPERIORS! REPORT FOR SENTRY EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK, **MARCH!**

C'MON KID, THIS BIRD MEANS BUSINESS!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN'!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BEYOND THE MYSTERY-CONCEALING ROLLING MOUNTAINS OF HIDDEN INDIA, THE FAKIR, FANATICAL KILLER OF THE HILLS, LEADS HIS MEN UPON A TRAIL OF TERROR!



THE AMERICANS HAVE LANDED! WE WILL KILL! WE WILL DRIVE THE ACCURSED DEFILERS BACK INTO THE SEA! BOWHANGE, OUR GOD OF GANGEES, HAS TOLD ME SO!

SUDDENLY... FROM OUT OF THE EAST, HUGE TRANSPORTS THUNDER, CIRCLE, THEN PREPARE TO LAND!



THEY COME, LITTLE YELLOW MEN! THEY BRING US ARMS! FOR THEM, WITH THEM WE FIGHT! BOW DOWN TO THE NEW LORDS OF THE ORIENT! **BOW DOWN!**



WE BRING YOU MANY GUNS
AND SHINNING BULLETS, OH
MIGHTY FAKIR!



I AM MOST HAPPY
AND HONORED!
I AM YOUR
SERVANT,
MASTER!



IT ALL GOES VELLY WELL,
YISS? THIS FAKIR, HE
HE IS SO STUPID! HEH,
HEH, HEH!



VELLY
WELL!

LANDING, THE JAP PILOTS APPROACH THE FAKIR...

WHILE BACK NEAR THE ARMY CAMP... BUCKY
DISCOVERS....



STEVE!
A SNAKE!

I'LL KILL THE...
BUT IT'S NOT
A SNAKE...
JUST A VINE!



THIS PLACE IS
GETTING
YOU DOWN,
BUCKY!

BOY IF IT WAS A SNAKE
YOU SURE WOULD HAVE
'NABBED IT, EH STEVE?
WHAT A SHOT!



HE SHOT AROUSES
THE CAMP...

BANG

WHY DON'T YOU
INVESTIGATE
BEFORE YOU SHOOT!

JUST A FALSE
ALARM, SARGE!



FALSE ALARM, EH?
SENTRY
FOR TWO
WEEKS,
ROGERS!

OH, OH!



...AND AT THE SAME TIME... AT THE
FAKIR'S STRONGHOLD...

NOW WE HAVE
ARMS! THE
STICKS WHICH
SHOOT FIRE!

ON TO THE
AMERICAN'S
CAMP!

DOWN FROM THE HILLS... DOWN PLUNGE THE
HOWLING, FRENZIED FANATICS... TOWARDS THE
UNSUSPECTING, SLUMBERING ARMY CAMP...



ON! ON! DEATH
TO THE
AMERICAN
DOGS!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE AMERICAN CAMP...



YOU FIXED
US FINE,
BUCKY!

GEE, STEVE, I'M
SORRY, I... HEY!
LISTEN... YOU HEAR
SOMETHING?



ON! ON!
FOLLOW ME TO
GLORY!

DRIVE THE
WHITE MAN
FROM OUR LAND!

BUT STEVE,
I HEARD
SOMETHING!

AW, CUT IT OUT!
DIDN'T
YOUR
FALSE
ALARM
GET ME
IN ENOUGH
TROUBLE!



THERE ---
THE AMERICAN
GUARDS!
THE FOOLS!



STEVE!
LOOK!

IN A FLASH STEVE AND BUCKY CHANGE INTO
THEIR FIGHTING COSTUMES!



THAT MUST BE THE
FAKIR! LET'S GO,
BUCKY!

YAHOO!



KILL THE
INFIDELS!





CAP... HE'S SCRAMMING!

STAY HERE AND HELP FINISH OFF THESE RATS, BUCKY, I'M GOING AFTER THAT BIRD!



CAP FINALLY SPOTS THE FAKIR SCRAMBLING UP THE SIDE OF A STEEP RAVINE...

ESCAPING CAPTAIN AMERICA'S NOTICE... INDIA'S DREAD KILLER, A BENGAL TIGER, CROUCHES...

THERE HE IS! THE NUMBER ONE BOY OF THIS DIRTY FIFTH COLUMN! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM!



WITH A STOMACH-CHURNING SHARL, THE STRIPED CAT LEAPS!

GRRR!

GREAT SCOTT!

I LIKE CATS... BUT NOT THIS BIG!



HEARING THE TIGER'S ROAR, THE FAKIR RETURNS TO THE EDGE OF THE RAVINE!

HA, HA! GOOD FOR THE DOG!

THE BATTLE FOR LIFE RAGES BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST...



BACK AT THE CAMP...
WELL, DUFFY...
WHAT'S THIS?

WE GOT THESE,
GENERAL HAYWOOD!
BUT THEY'RE DUMB! THEY
CAN'T SPEAK ENGLISH, SO
THEY'RE NO HELP!

OF COURSE NOT, YOU
FOOL! WHERE'S
THEIR LEADER...
THE
FAKIR?

I-I DIDN'T SEE HIM,
SIR! I'M SORRY
SIR, HE MUST HAVE
GOTTEN AWAY!



MEANWHILE, A WORRIED
YOUNGSTER SEARCHES
FOR HIS PAL....

CAP! CAP! WHERE
ARE YOU? OH, GEE...
I'LL BET HE NEEDS
ME! CAP!



...AS THE FAKIR RUSHES TO HIS STRONG-
HOLD!

SEND THE RUNNERS TO ME
AT ONCE!



THE RUNNERS ARRIVE...

RUN WITH THE SPEED
OF THE STRIKING COBRA,
RUN OVER THE
MOUNTAINS
TO THE
JAPANESE...



THE LITTLE BROWN
MEN! TELL THEM
TO SEND MANY
MORE FIRE-
STICKS!

WE GO,
OH MIGHTY
FAKIR!



WHILE IN THE
GORGE... THE
TIGER LIES
DEAD...
WAVERING WEAKLY
ABOVE IT
STANDS THE
SLASHED AND
BATTERED
FIGURE OF
CAPTAIN
AMERICA...



HAZED FROM THE
TERRIFIC STRUGGLE,
MOVING BUT BY
SHEER WILL, CAPTAIN AMERICA
URGES HIMSELF ON... FOLLOWING
THE TRAIL OF THE FAKIR...

WITHOUT PAUSE... MILE AFTER MILE THRU THE BLINDING HEAT, HIS TORN MUSCLES ACHING, CAPTAIN AMERICA STAGGERS UNTIL....

WHAT'S THAT? NO, IT CAN'T BE, IT'S A MIRAGE... NO! THAT'S IT! THE FAKIR'S SECRET BASE!

REALIZING HE MUST REGAIN STRENGTH, CAPTAIN AMERICA WAITS... WATCHING...

INSIDE THE CAVE...

I GO NOW TO PRAY AT THE TEMPLE OF KALI... FOR VICTORY! PREPARE FOR BATTLE! WHEN I RETURN, WE MARCH!

THE WILD ONE! HE HAS ESCAPED THE TIGER! HE CAN'T BE HUMAN! I MUST FLEE!

BUT AS HIS MEN LEAVE, THE FAKIR SEES....

TO THE GANGES, HOLY RIVER OF INDIA, SITE OF STRANGE PRACTICES AS OLD AS TIME, CAPTAIN AMERICA TRAILS THE FLEET FAKIR, HIGH PRIEST AND KING OF BOWHANEE!

THE END OF THE QUEST AT LAST!



OH GREAT GODDESS KALI...
BLESS ME WITH SUCCESS
IN SLAYING THE EVIL
AMERICAN WHO FOLLOWS
ME! BLESS THE LITTLE
BROWN MEN SO THAT THEY
SHALL RULE THE EAST...
THEN I SHALL BE KING
OF INDIA!

SUDDENLY CAPTAIN AMERICA
BURSTS INTO THE TEMPLE...



IT IS HIM AGAIN!
HE HAS FOULED
OUR TEMPLE!
IN THE NAME
OF KALI KILL
HIM!

UNBELIEVING
DOG!

I DON'T FEEL
DIZZY ANY
MORE!
C'MON
FAKIR!

CLANK



SEIZE HIM FROM
BEHIND!

EVERYTINE
I GET A SHOT
AT THE
FAKIR,
I GET IN
A JAM!



A NATIVE DEALS
A CRUSHING BLOW
AT CAP'S BACK!

IT IS GOOD!
TAKE HIM TO
THE HILLS!

BACK AT THE ARMY CAMP...

PLEASE, GENERAL HAYWOOD... PRIVATE ROGERS, SIR, WENT AFTER THEM... THE FAKIR... HE'S NOT COME BACK... AND... OH PLEASE SIR, HE'S MY BUDDY!

YES, BUCKY?

GENERAL HAYWOOD GIVES THE LONG-AWAITED ORDER TO MARCH!

WELL, BUCKY, WE'RE OFF AT LAST... TO CAPTURE THIS FANATICAL TRAITOR, THE FAKIR!

OH, GOOD, SIR... I HOPE STEVE'S STILL ALIVE!

AT THE FAKIR'S GANGEE STRONGHOLD... A TERRIBLE RITUAL IS IN PROGRESS!

OH GODDESS OF KALI, TO YOU WE NOW SACRIFICE THIS AMERICAN DOG! BLESS ME NOW WITH VICTORY SO THAT I SHALL BE KING OF ALL INDIA!

NOW YOU DIE! NEXT YOUR COMRADES! HAH! THE JAPANESE AND I SHALL RULE ALL! WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY, DOG?

LIGHT THE FIRE... CONSIGN HIM TO THE FLAMES!

A GANGEE SENTRY SUDDENLY RUSHES UP!

AMERICANS... MANY HUNDREDS... MARCHING TOWARDS THE PASS, OH GREAT FAKIR!

ON! ON TO THE PASS!

UNAWARE OF THE APPROACHING ENEMY, THE TROOPS GAILY MARCH...

WE'RE DEEP IN THE HILL TRIBE COUNTRY, BUCKY BOY!

GOOD-BY MAMA... WE'RE OFF TO YOKAHAMA...

AT THE DESERTED GANGEES STRONGHOLD... CAPTAIN AMERICA IS AMAZED WHEN...



BUT... BUT YOU'RE CUTTING THE... AND YOU'RE A...

I MUST BE QUICK... THE FLAMES LEAP HIGH ON HONORED SAHIB!



I DON'T GET THIS?

I HAVE BEEN TO STATE SCHOOL... I HAVE READ OF YOU AND YOUR DEEDS! AMERICA IS THE HOPE OF THE WORLD! GO FREE, BRAVE SAHIB, AND CRUSH THE EVIL FAKIR WHO SELLS US TO THE LITTLE BROWN DEVILS!



YOU BET I WILL! GET UP ON YOUR FEET! IN AMERICA WE KNEEL TO NO MAN!



AT THE PASS!

PREPARE!



BUT GENERAL, I'M WORRIED ABOUT STEVE, SIR!

TUT-TUT, HE'LL TURN UP! HE ALWAYS DOES!



NOW! DEATH TO THE AMERICAN DOGS!

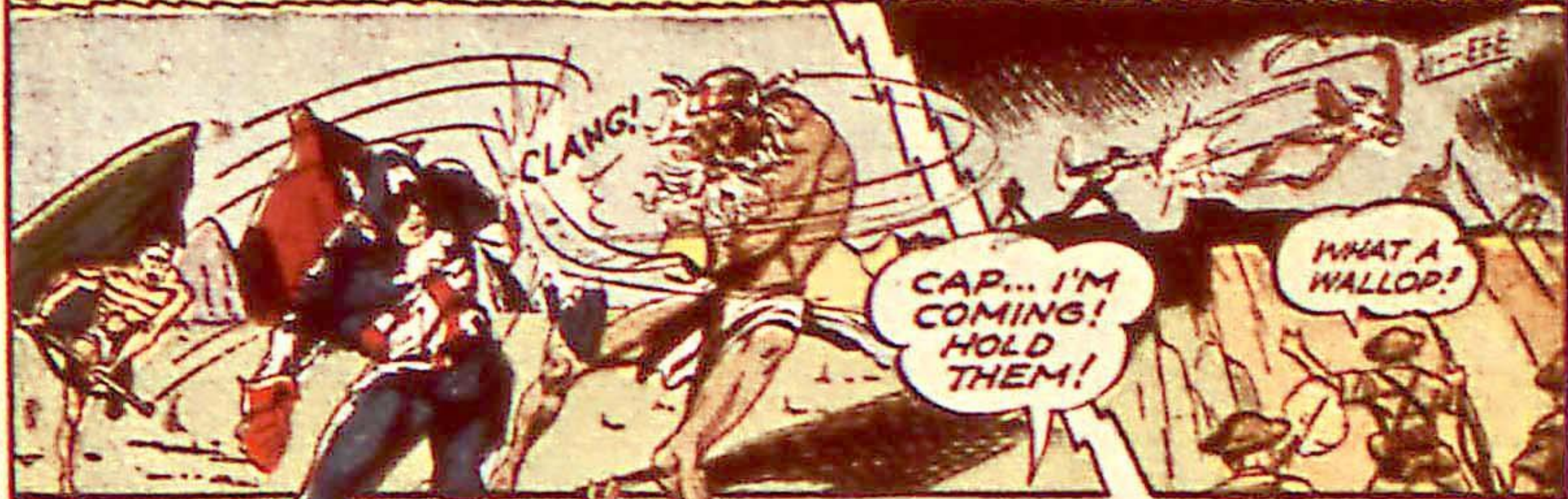
THRU THE MATTED JUNGLE, CAPTAIN AMERICA SPEEDS TO PREVENT CATASTROPHE, WHEN...



WILD ELEPHANTS... STAMPEDING... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



CAPTAIN AMERICA WARDS OFF A DEVASTATING BLOW... AND LANDS WITH HIS SLEEPER PUNCH!



CAPTAIN AMERICA CUTS OFF RETREAT, AS THE SOLDIERS CHARGE WITH NAKED STEEL...



THE GANGEES, DISCOVERING THE DEATH OF THEIR LEADER, GROVEL IN ABJECT SURRENDER.



THE JAPS SUPPLIED THE FAKIR WITH THEIR 27 CAL. RIFLES! THE CAMP IS FULL OF THEM... I'LL TAKE YOU THERE NOW, SIR!



VERY GOOD! AND... SAY, CAPTAIN AMERICA, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN OUR ARMY? YOU'D BE A TREMENDOUS ASSET!



LATER... THE GANGEES CAMP DESTROYED, GENERAL HAYWOOD ORDERS THE COLUMN FORWARD WHEN CAPTAIN AMERICA DISAPPEARS!



THE END

TWO DANGEROUS SURPRISES

TOM'S FACE wore an expression of mystery.

"Your surprise is in here," he said, as he and Jimmy stamped into the old adobe smokehouse out of the stormy night.

"Boy!" Jimmy said, "If it's as nice as those boots you gave me, I'll say this is the best seventeenth birthday I ever had!"

"Well, this is a little different kind of surprise," Tom chuckled.

He led the way to a heavy pine door which led off from the main room. He tugged at the old door. It creaked, then abruptly opened wide. Two startled voices from within swore loudly. The sudden, unexpected light made Tom and Jimmy stand still, blinded for a moment.

"Put 'em up," snarled a voice by the lamp.

Tom and Jimmy obeyed automatically and blinked hard trying to get used to the brightness.

A gun nudged Tom's ribs.

"Move over to that wall, and be quick about it!" the same voice ordered.

Tom opened his eyes. There before him stood a masked man whose sinister eyes burned deep into his own. The two eyed each other for an instant, then the fellow with the gun swore and shoved Tom against the wall. His nose hit with a bang and blood streamed down his poncho.

Jimmy moved beside him, and the two brothers stood looking at a blank wall. Silence fell on the room, then a low whispering mingled with the pattering of the rain outside.

"Say," Tom began, "if you things could tell us--"

"Shut up!" the masked voice grated.

"This isn't the surprise I was talkin' about, Jimmy," Tom whispered.

"Shut up!" a new voice ordered. "Woods," it said, "gimme that rope there by the lamp."

"Here ya are, Miller," Woods

said. "I'll keep 'em covered while you tie 'em up."

Miller pulled out his knife and cut the rope in half. Then he made a lasso in each piece.

"Here, you," he said to Jimmy. "Put your arms down so your poncho falls over 'em."

Jimmy lowered his hands and his raincape fell down covering him from the neck hole to his lower legs. There were no sleeves, only slits where he could have put his hands through. Suddenly the lasso whistled over his head and he was pinioned, a prisoner by his own coat and the masked man's rope.

"Listen here, you guys," Jimmy yelled angrily, scowling over his shoulder, "you--"

"Cut the yap, or we'll give ya somethin' to squawk about!" Woods warned.

"Why, you--" Tom was furious that these two men should threaten his kid brother. He whirled around and kicked at Woods. Quickly Woods's gun came down on Tom's head. He crumpled to the floor with a thud.

Jimmy started, tied though he was, for Miller Miller's gun pointed straight at him. Jimmy stopped, suddenly knowing force would not do any good.

"Sit down," commanded Woods.

Jimmy sat. He looked at Tom's white face and his jaw set with cold fury as he watched blood ooze from a wound on Tom's forehead.

He looked around the room for a way of escape. But this was the back room in the smokehouse. It was windowless. Now, only two or three hams hung on the bare walls, and on the floor lay several empty gunnysacks beside a small stack of hay.

"I wonder what that hay is doin' in here," thought Jimmy. "If I only had a match-- But I don't. Hmmm-- Hay and gunnysacks and hams aren't very good weapons against guns."

Woods and Miller were whis-

pering behind their masks again. Miller turned to Jimmy.

"Okay, kid," he said, "don't try nothin'. We're goin' to keep our eyes on ya and our guns handy while we do a little work here. So, don't be funny."

He walked over to the corner and picked up an ax that lay half hidden there. Then he pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and he and Woods bent over it together, whispering. Woods turned to Jimmy.

"Is this the adobe building that used to be part of an Injun pueblo about one hundred years ago, kid?" he asked.

"My grandpa told me so. Why?" Jimmy said.

"Kid, you and your brother sure are dumb!" Woods laughed.

"What do ya mean?" Jimmy asked, his voice cracking belligerently.

Both pairs of eyes laughed down at the helpless Jimmy and gruff guffaws sounded in the little room.

"We'll show ya," Woods boasted, "we'll show ya somethin' that'll make your eyes pop out. And then, we'll take this somethin' with us to Mexico. You can tell your brother all about it--if he ever wakes up."

Woods raised his ax and with a single mighty blow, knocked in the floor at the south corner of the room. He ripped back the boards until there was an opening large enough for him to stand in and use a spade that Miller handed him.

"Come on," Jimmy said impatiently, "tell me what in the heck you're doin'."

Miller paused from his work.

"Didn't your grandpa ever tell you, kid, that some Spanish explorers hid gold in that old Injun pueblo about a hundred years ago?"

"No," said Jimmy. "And I don't believe it."

Both the black handkerchiefs shook once more with laughter.

"We got proof," chuckled Miller.

Jimmy decided to humor the two nuts.

"How did you find out?" he asked sweetly.

Woods waved the piece of paper he had.

"That little old paper tells the whole story and shows on a map where your old grandpa built his smokehouse onto that adobe Injun pueblo. Haw, haw! Haw, haw! Your eyes'll fall out when you see what we dig up."

Woods' spade scraped suddenly on metal. The two men stood together in the hole and stooped almost out of sight in the little pit. They heaved and twisted, but could not get the metal box out of its hiding place.

Miller crawled out and Woods used the spade vigorously.

Jimmy glanced at Tom. Tom's right eye moved cautiously opened. It winked slyly at Jimmy. Then it looked at a bundle half hidden in the hay behind Jimmy, then at Jimmy's feet, then at the pit. Jimmy frowned, perplexed. Again, Tom looked at the bundle, at Jimmy's feet, and at the pit where Woods bent nearly out of sight with only his head showing. Suddenly, Jimmy winked back.

Miller crawled once more into the pit and he and Woods heaved and cursed, and dug together, forgetting their prisoners in their excitement.

Jimmy hurriedly hooked his knee around the bundle. It was heavy and almost a foot long, and was wrapped in newspapers and hay and rope. The two masked men were making so much noise they did not hear the bundle slide along the floor to Jimmy's boots. He lay about four feet from the hole and only the tops of two heads were visible to him. He drew up his knees, then with all his might, he kicked the round mass straight at their heads. It tumbled swiftly over the edge of the pit, hitting Woods a crashing blow on the back of the head, and thudding against Miller's ear.

With a whoop, Tom leaped from the floor and jumped on top of Miller, wrapping his legs about

his neck in a strangle hold. Miller slowly quit wiggling.

Jimmy was working desperately with his poncho. It was slick from the rain, and he inched the rope over his elbows and slipped it off.

"Got room for me?" he chuckled as he untied Tom.

Tom rose from where he sat on Miller. Then he pulled the groggy fellow off the unconscious Woods. He yanked their guns from them and pulled the black-handkerchiefs from their faces.

Miller came to.

"What—who—?" he muttered. Tom was too busy tying him up to answer.

And Jimmy looked at the map he'd taken from Woods' pocket. There, in Spanish, was the story of the treasure.

"It says here," he told Tom, "that some Spanish explorers had a fight with the Toas Indians. The Indians got the best of the Spaniards and held them captive in the south room of this pueblo. This was in 1845. Hmm—let me remember what this word means," Jimmy muttered as he translated the script into English. "Uh—Then, in the night, the Spaniards buried their box of gold under the dirt floor so the Indians wouldn't get it. The Indians ran the explorers out of the country and the gold was left behind. They never got near this pueblo again but one of them made a map of where the treasure was buried."

"If that tale is true," Tom said, "it sure is a joke on Grandpa. After the pueblo Indians were put on reservations and he bought this land, he lived with a buried treasure for fifty years and didn't know it. Wow!"

"Let's have a look at the box and see if anything is really in it," Jimmy suggested.

He climbed down into the pit. The box lay exposed. It was about a foot long and eight inches deep. The boys had all they could do to get it out on to the smokehouse floor.

Tom crashed the lock with a blow of the ax. Jimmy raised the iron lid. Both boys simply stared. There lay hundreds of old Span-

ish doubloons—a fortune in gold!

"Oh!" gasped Tom.

"Is this real?" Jimmy asked. "Is it really *us* with a box of gold sittin' in our laps?"

"Yeah," said Tom, as his dazed look slowly left his face. "This is us. Whew!"

He and Jimmy just continued to look at the doubloons. Finally Tom came to. He pointed to the pit.

"If you look down there again, you'll find your birthday surprise that we came out here for. Let's open it. It will probably bring us down to earth again."

Jimmy pounced on the bundle and threw off the wrappings of hay and paper.

"Great blowtorches!" he yelled. "A watermelon!"

"Yep, a watermelon!" Tom grinned. "That old grandfather of ours that didn't know about his buried treasure, *did* know how to keep a watermelon for months after it had ripened. He once told me just how to wrap it in papers and hay and hide it away in a little haystack here in the smokehouse. I never did try it until now. But I remember how much you like watermelon, so I thought I'd see if one would keep until your birthday for a surprise."

"Boy, it's wonderful!" Jimmy said with his mouthful.

A groan from Miller reminded them that they still had guests.

"Here," Jimmy said pushing a hunk of watermelon into Miller's mouth, "this is your reward for digging so hard for our buried gold."

"Yeah," Tom reminded Woods, as the latter sat up, "sorry you worked so hard for us. It's our money accordin' to law, ya know."

The unmasked men's faces were as red as the luscious watermelon that Jimmy pushed into their mouths. They were furious.

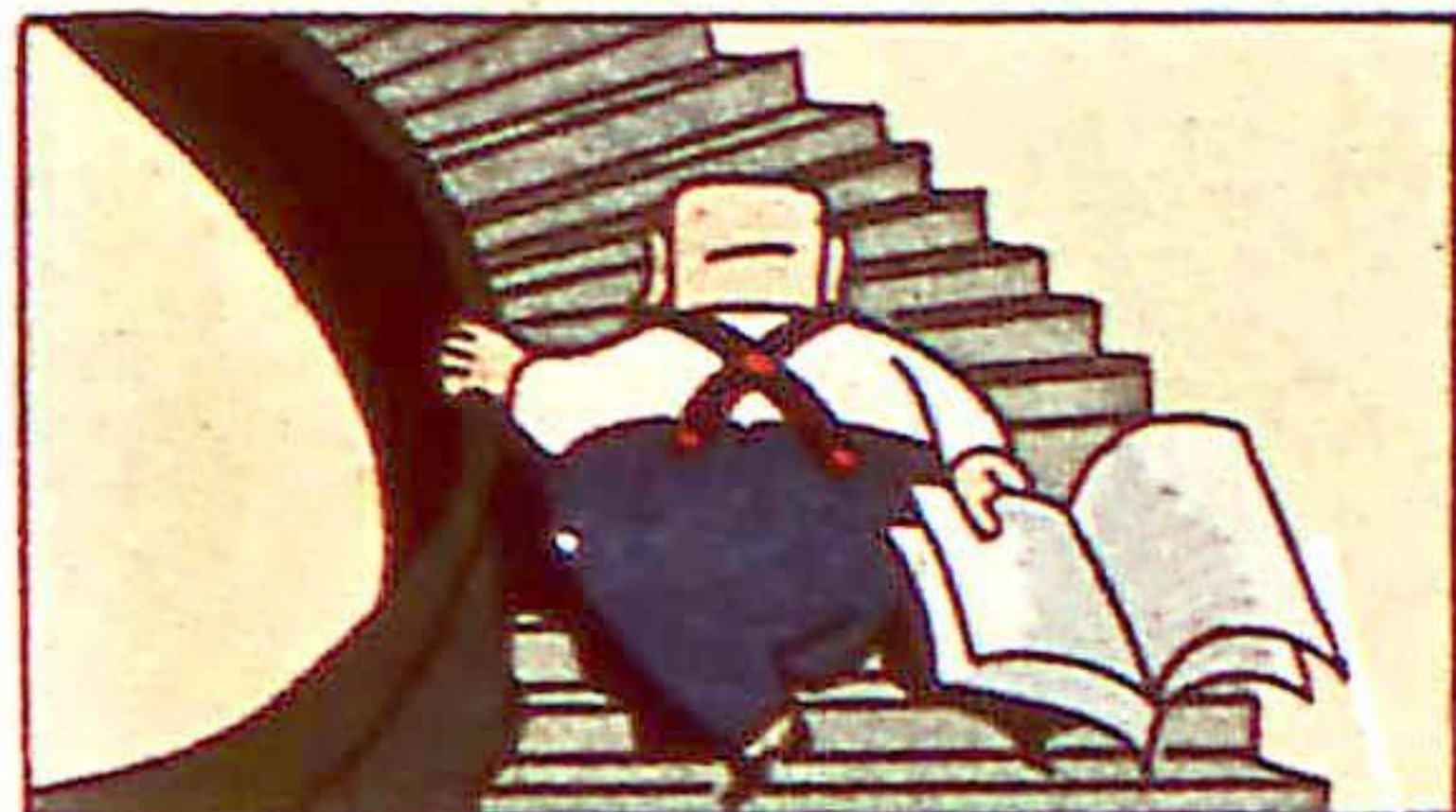
Suddenly Jimmy roared with laughter as he looked at the two would-be bandits munching the watermelon that had been their doom.

"We ought to tell J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I. what a good weapon a watermelon is, Tom," he said.



DIPPY DIPLOMAT

by Guy Blythe



CAPTAIN

AMERICA

THE CASE OF "THE CLANMY THINGS"

F

FROM OUT OF THE TOMB-LIKE TUNNELS BELOW THE EARTH, FOUR A-HOARSE OF GRAVE RID-DEV "THINGS" DIRECT-ED BY A BRILLIANT BUT TWISTED BRAIN... THE WEIRD, TWISTED THINGS LAY HOLD OF A GREAT CITY PLUNGING IT INTO DESPAIR AND CHAOS... AGAINST THESE TERRIBLE ODDS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FIGHT, RISKING LIFE AND LIMB IN A DESPERATE AT-TEMPT TO SAVE THE CITY AND WREAK VENGEANCE AGAINST THE INSTIGATOR! WILL THEY SUCCEED?

NOTE TO READER:
IF YOU ARE AFRAID OF
ACTION AND HEART STOP-
PING HORROR, WE ADVISE
YOU NOT TO READ THE
FOLLOWING TALE!

BUCKINGHAM
SUBWAY

LONDON



LONDON, KEY CITY OF ENGLAND, IS BUILT AS MUCH BELOW THE EARTH AS ABOVE IT. FROM BELOW THE LOWEST LEVEL OF THE GREAT CITY, HAD EMERGED SOMETHING FOUL, AND HORRIBLE! THESE WERE THE 'THINGS', WEIRD CREATURES OF DEATH, THAT HAVE A PARTICULAR TASTE FOR HUMAN BLOOD!

A DOOR OPENS SLOWLY AS A COLD, SKINNY, HAND TURNS THE KNOB...

HIS HONOR
ADAM LEEDS
LORD HIGH MAYOR
OF
LONDON

PRIVATE

LETTERS

THROUGHOUT THE CITY, THE 'THINGS' HAVE BEGUN THEIR WORK... THEIR FIRST VICTIMS, THE HIGH GOVERNING OFFICIALS...

NO! NO!

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

DAILY GLOBE
CITY IN PANIC
MAYOR AND HIGH
CONSTABLE MISSING!

CITY
OFFICIALS
MISSING

STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES, ALIAS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, ON LEAVE AFTER THEIR EPIC-MAKING COMMANDO RAID ON GERMANY, ARRIVE IN LONDON...

WHAT COMES FIRST, STEVE?

WELL, BUCKY, I'VE ALWAYS HAD A YEN FOR LONDON! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AROUND!

LOOK AT THIS, BUCKY! MAYOR LEEDS HAS DISAPPEARED!

KRAZY
COMICS

TERRY-
DOONS
COMICS

MAYOR
DISAPPEARED

STEVE LOOK!

HELP!

SUDDENLY, BUCKY CATCHES SIGHT OF SOMETHING THAT MAKES HIS BLOOD RUN COLD!

— FROM HIDDEN TUNNELS POUR THE "THINGS", HORRIBLE, BRAINLESS, EVIL.... THEY FALL UPON THE PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE ...



IN LONDON, AS ANYPLACE ELSE, WHEN THE CALL OF DANGER SOUNDS OUT, STEVE AND BUCKY TOSS OFF THEIR OUTER CLOTHES AND PLUNGE INTO BATTLE AS THE FIGHTING CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

THIS IS IT, KID, SOONER THAN WE EXPECTED!



YAHOO!



THESE ARE THE WEIRDEST CREATURES I'VE EVER SEEN!



HANG ON, KID, WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!



MORE AND MORE OF THE LOATHSOME "THINGS" POUR OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE SUBWAY, LIKE THE VISIONS IN A MADMAN'S DREAM!

CAP!
CAP,
THEY'RE
SMOTHERING
ME!

BUT EVEN THE DYNAMIC FORCE OF THE FAMOUS FIGHTERS IS SMOTHERED IN THE SWARM OF BRUTISH BODIES, AND CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE MADE CAPTIVES.





BUCKY, PRETEND TO BE UNCONSCIOUS, THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHERE THESE CREATURES COME FROM!

RIGHT, CAP!



LOOK, BUCKY, THIS IS THE REAL HEART OF LONDON, THE PIPES REPRESENT ALL THAT MAKES LIFE POSSIBLE ABOVE GROUND!



FINALLY, THE GRUESOME CARAVAN REACHES ITS DESTINATION AND CAP AND BUCKY ARE CONFRONTED BY.....

AHA, A LOVELY CATCH, I HAVE WONDERED HOW LONG IT WOULD BE BEFORE CAPTAIN AMERICA WOULD BE MY ER-- GUEST! HA HA... I AM DR. DESTINY!



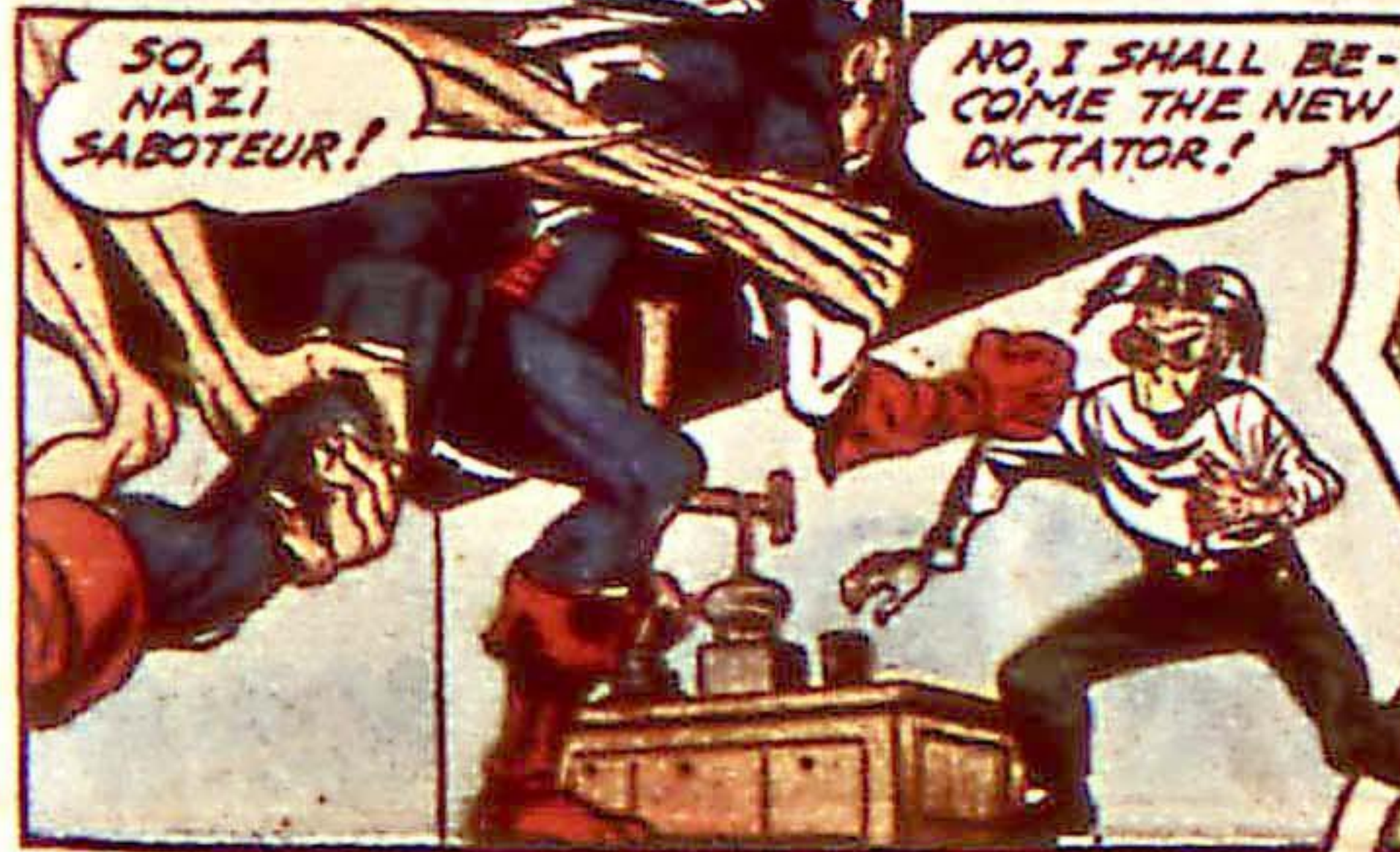
SO YOU'RE THE BRAINS IN BACK OF THIS! WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?



JUST THIS, MY DEAR CAPTAIN! MY INVENTIVE GENIUS HAS TURNED ORDINARY STUPID HUMANS LIKE YOURSELVES INTO THE CREATURES YOU SEE BEFORE YOU... NOW THEY ARE THE SERVANTS OF MY OWN BRAIN AS YOU YOURSELVES WILL SOON BE!



WHEN I PULL THAT SWITCH, THE LIFE-LINES OF THE CITY SHALL BE SMASHED... LONDON WILL BECOME AN INFERNO OF PESTILENCE AND DEATH! NO POWER, NO WATER, NO COMMUNICATION!



SO, A NAZI SABOTEUR!

NO, I SHALL BECOME THE NEW DICTATOR!



TO-DAY, LONDON-TO-MORROW, THE WHOLE WORLD! AND NOW I SHALL MAKE YOU A "THING," MY DEAR CAPTAIN!

SUDDENLY, CAPTAIN AMERICA UNLEASHES ALL THE MIGHTY FORCE IN HIS POWERFUL FRAME...

WE'VE GOT OUR INFORMATION, LET'S SAY GOODBYE TO THE GENTLEMEN, BUCKY!

DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!



THIS WAY OUT, BUCKY!

PURSUED BY THE HORDES OF HORRIBLE "THINGS", CAP AND BUCKY SEEK ESCAPE IN THE SLIMY, LABYRINTH MAZE OF THE UNDERGROUND CAVERNS...

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT, BUCKY! THERE MUST BE!

GEE, CAP, I CAN'T KEEP UP MUCH LONGER, THOSE "THINGS" AREN'T HUMAN!



LISTEN, CAP, YOU TAKE THE LEFT FORK, I'LL GO RIGHT AND LEAD THEM OFF! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



BRAVE LAD, BUCKY! I GUESS IT'S THE ONLY WAY! I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU SOON, BE CAREFUL!



THE TWO FRIENDS SEPERATE, THE BRAVE BUCKY LEADING THE INHUMAN CREATURES AWAY FROM THE TRAIL OF CAPTAIN AMERICA.

IF THEY GET BUCKY... I'LL... WHAT'S THAT?

OH, UGH!



THAT'S BUCKY! THEY'VE GOT HIM!

YES! THE "THINGS" HAVE HIM! DON'T LOOK FOR ME, MY FRIEND, MY VOICE IS EMINATING FROM THE WALL! YOU'LL NEVER FIND ME! AU REVOIR, CAPTAIN AMERICA, HA-HA-HA!



FRANTICALLY, CAP RETRACES HIS STEPS AND STREAKS TO THE AID OF THE FAITHFUL BUCKY...

THERE THEY ARE, THE DEMONS!



BUCKY!
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
KID?

LIKE SOME GREAT, TERRIFYING BEAST OF THE JUNGLE, CAPTAIN AMERICA TEARS INTO THE MIDST OF THE FEARFUL "THINGS", AND FIGHTS HIS WAY TOWARDS HIS PAL!



SUDDENLY, A CLUTCHING HAND EMERGES FROM THE DARKNESS!

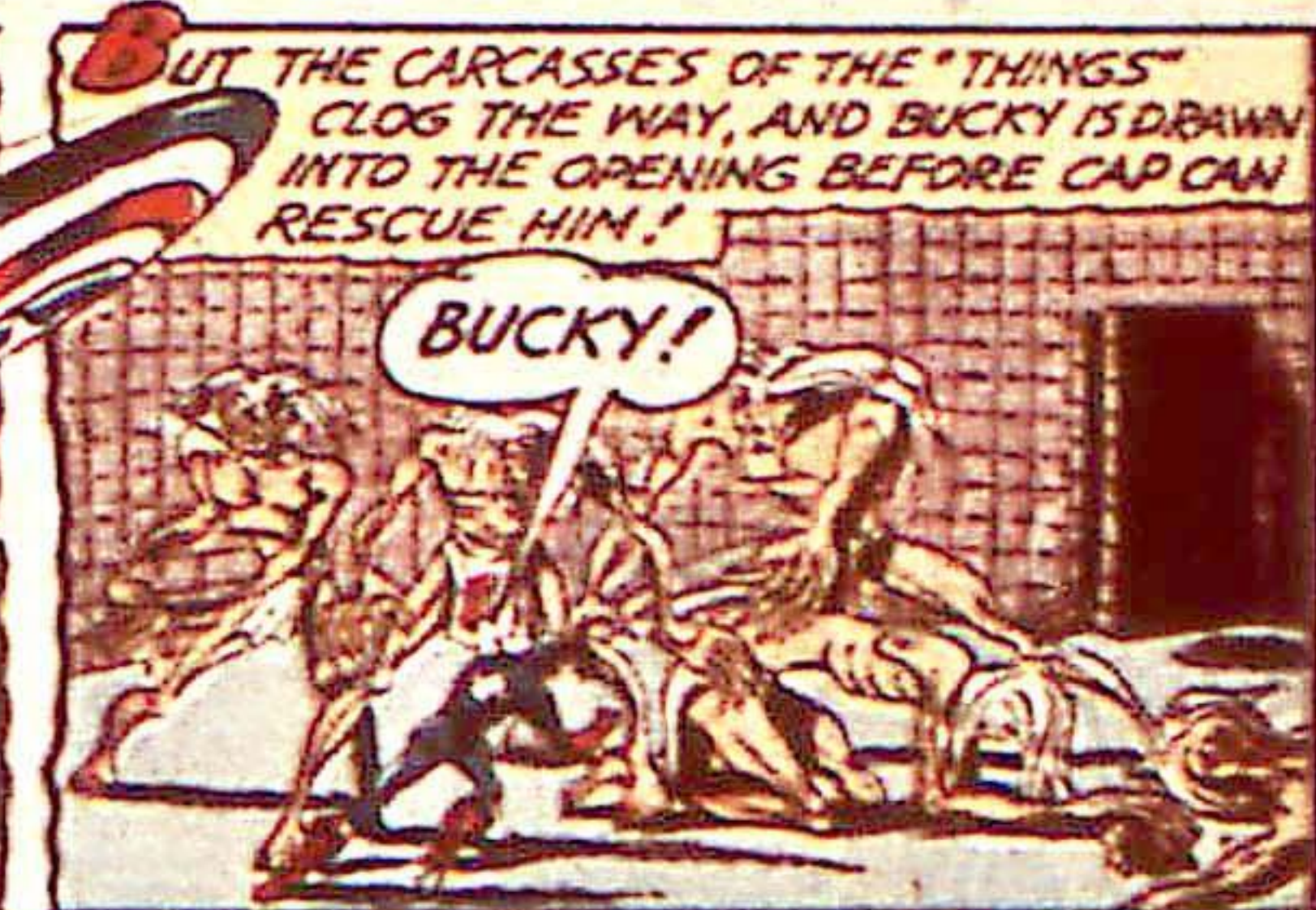


CAPTAIN AMERICA SPOTS THE SINISTER HAND!

DON'T TOUCH THAT BOY!



OWWWW!



BUT THE CARCASSES OF THE "THINGS" CLOG THE WAY, AND BUCKY IS DRAWN INTO THE OPENING BEFORE CAP CAN RESCUE HIM!

BUCKY!



DISPOSING OF THE REMAINING "THINGS", CAPTAIN AMERICA RUSHES TOWARD THE SPOT FROM WHICH BUCKY DISAPPEARED!

I CAN'T FIND A TRACE OF THAT DOOR; THE WALL SEEMS SOLID ROCK!



I'LL BE BACK, BUCKY, AND IF THEY HARM ONE HAIR OF YOUR HEAD THEY'LL ANSWER TO ME, IF I HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE TRACKING THEM DOWN!

CAPTAIN AMERICA, RACING AGAINST TIME, FINALLY SEES AN OPENING AHEAD...

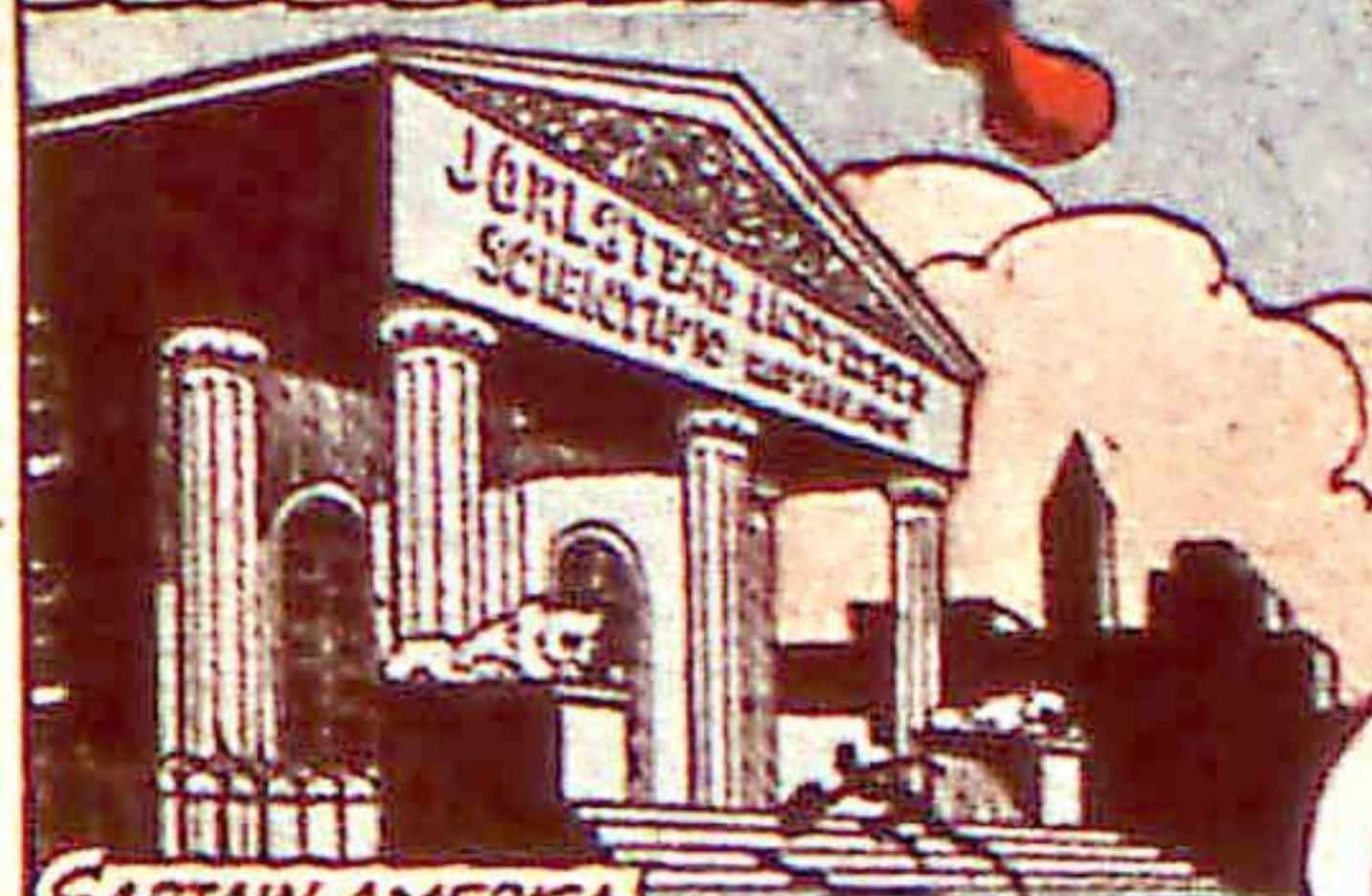


AH, LIGHT AHEAD, IT MUST BE AN EXIT!



AND NOW TO GET THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MIND IN LONDON!

THE MIGHTY CRIME FIGHTER ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION...



CAPTAIN AMERICA EXPLAINS HIS MISSION...



...SO WITH YOUR SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE AND POWER AS ACTING MAYOR, WE CAN CRUSH THIS MAD-MAN AND HIS AWFUL "THINGS" AND SAVE BUCKY AND THE CITY!

AND SO TWO GREAT MEN MEET....

DR. JORLSTEAD?

YES...I'M PROUD TO KNOW AMERICA'S ACE TROUBLE SHOOTER!



I'LL CALL MY ASSISTANT AND WE'LL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY! DR. PURVIS!



THRU THE DESERTED FEAR-STRICKEN CITY STREETS THE DOCTOR'S CAR ROARS!



DR. PURVIS, MEET CAPTAIN AMERICA!

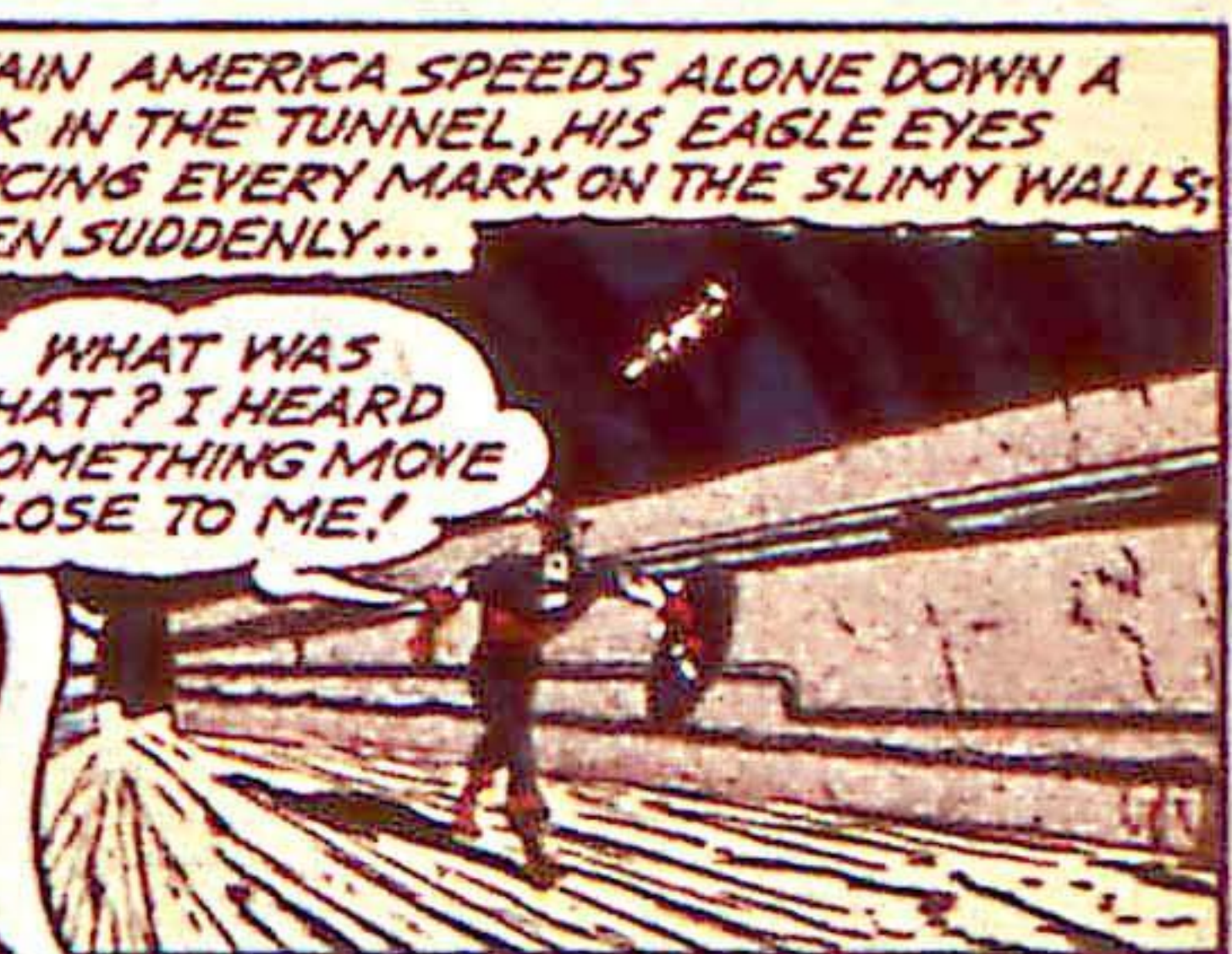
IT'S AN HONOR, SIR!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU. NOW LET'S GO!





THE TRIO PLUNGE INTO THE GLOOM OF THE EERIE TUNNELS...





FOR YOUR INFORMATION,
AS SOON AS I HAVE
KILLED YOU, I SHALL
INJECT HIM WITH
MENTHYL ASULPHATINE
AND HE WILL BECOME
A "THING", HA, HA, HA!



TASTE SOME
HOT LEAD,
FOOL!

YOU
DIRTY
MANIAC!



ARRRRHHH!

GOT YOU!
AND NOW...



THE MADMAN CRACKING HIS SKULL ON
THE ROCK FLOOR, LIES STILL...

THAT'S THE END OF
YOU. NOW TO SEE
WHO YOU ARE!



PURVIS! DR.
DESTINY! HMM...
SOMEHOW I CAN'T
FIT THIS INTO
THE PICTURE!



THE TRAPDOOR,
IT'S CLOSING!

SUDDENLY, THE FAINT
SOUND OF RASPING
METAL CATCHES
CAP'S ATTENTION!



I MUST GET
TO BUCKY!

LEAPING TO HIS FEET,
CAP LUNGES FOR THE
SECRET PANEL!

RINGING ALL HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES INTO PLAY, THE GREAT CRIME FIGHTER FORCES THE CLOSING PANEL BACK!

THAT DOES IT!
NOW TO GET
TO BUCKY!

THIS IS WHERE THE "THINGS" CARRIED US! YES! THERE'S THE DOOR UP AHEAD TO THE LABORATORY!

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENS AND A HORDE OF THE LIVING DEAD "THINGS" HEAD FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!

PURVIS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE MAN BEHIND THIS! HE'S OUT COLD AND THE "THINGS" ARE ONLY CONTROLLED BY THEIR LEADER!

NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!

LIKE AN AVENGING AVALANCHE, CAP BEARS DOWN UPON THE "THINGS"!

HERE I COME, BUCKY!

CAP, HURRY, CAP!

SPLAT

THACK

I KNEW THERE WAS ANOTHER ONE!

CAP ENTERS THE ROOM OF HORROR AND SEES...

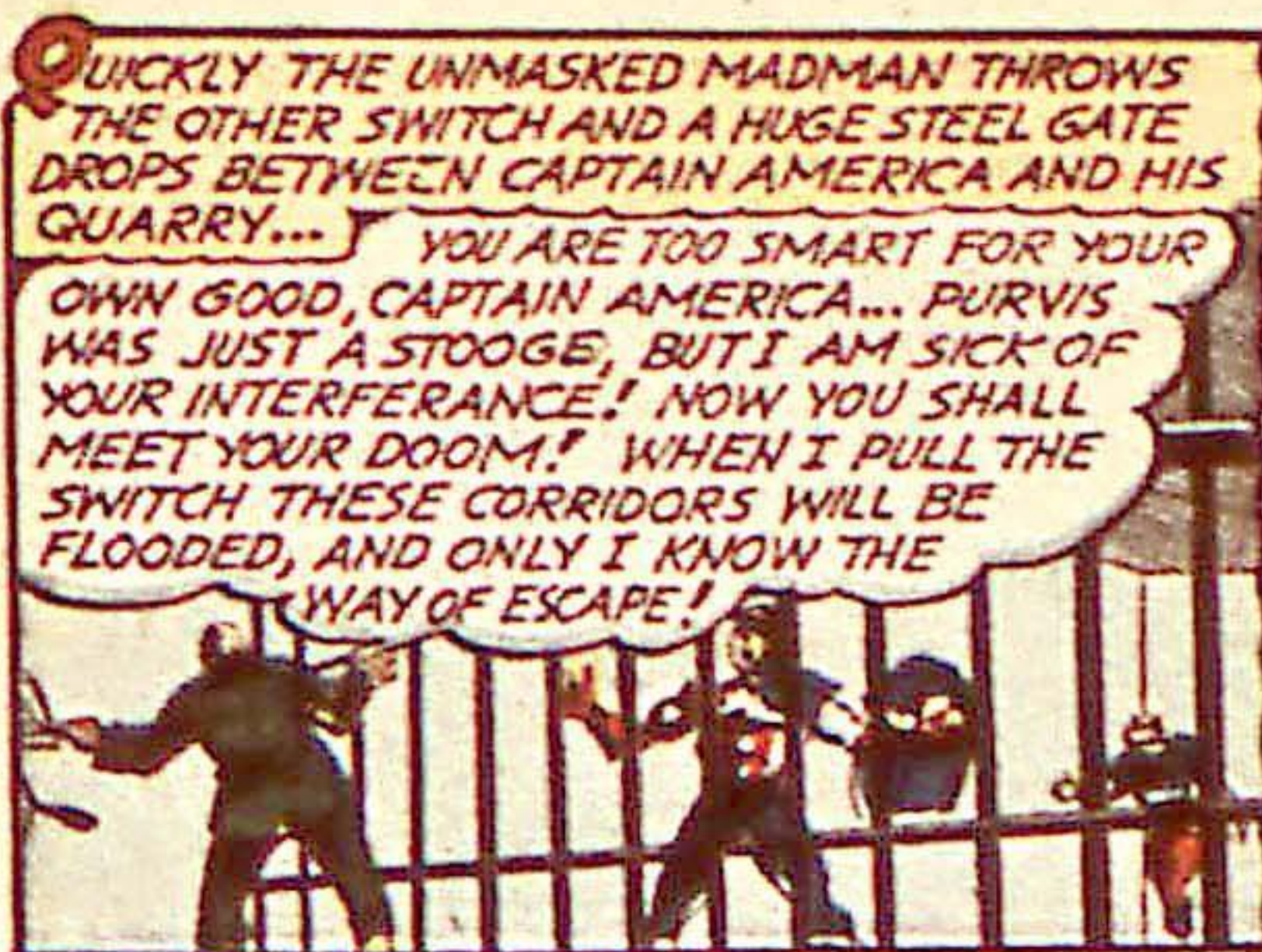
TERROR-STRICKEN BY CAP'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE, THE MAD MAN FLEES!

YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME NOW!

DON'T LET HIM, CAP! DON'T LET HIM!







QUICKLY THE UNMASKED MADMAN THROWS THE OTHER SWITCH AND A HUGE STEEL GATE DROPS BETWEEN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS QUARRY... YOU ARE TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, CAPTAIN AMERICA... PURVIS WAS JUST A STOOGES, BUT I AM SICK OF YOUR INTERFERENCE! NOW YOU SHALL MEET YOUR DOOM! WHEN I PULL THE SWITCH THESE CORRIDORS WILL BE FLOODED, AND ONLY I KNOW THE WAY OF ESCAPE!



BUT, CAPTAIN AMERICA, STUNG TO FULL FIGHTING FURY, WEDGES HIS MIGHTY SHIELD BETWEEN THE COLD, STEEL BARS... AND SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, WITH ALMOST SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, BENDS THE BARS APART!

I'VE FINISHED FOOLING!



THIS IS THE END, DOCTOR!

WILL NOTHING STOP YOU?



A POWERFUL BLOW SENDS THE MADMAN FLYING THRU THE AIR...



JUSTICE TRIUMPHS AS THE CRIMINAL IS ELECTROCUTED BY THE VERY CABLES WITH WHICH HE HAD PLANNED TO DESTROY THE CITY...

AND SO ENDS A HORRIBLE THREAT TO LONDON CITY!

UGH! I-I-I GUESS I'LL FREE THE OTHER FELLOWS!



THE CITY OFFICIALS ARE SOON FREED AND START BACK ALONG THE DARK CORRIDORS TO SAFETY!

WE WON'T FORGET WHAT YOU'VE DONE THIS DAY MY FRIENDS, OUR CITY AND COUNTRY ARE SAFE THANKS TO YOU!



EVIL HAS NO PLACE IN THIS WORLD, AND UNTIL IT IS FOREVER GONE FROM OUR SHORES, I'LL FIGHT, AND THOSE WHO LOVE FREEDOM AND JUSTICE WILL FIGHT WITH ME, AND VICTORY WILL BE OURS!

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA
WILL THRILL AND
AMAZE YOU
EVERY MONTH ON
THESE VERY PAGES!

**A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS—
GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM
HENRY MARGENTHAU, JR.**

**“SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY.”**

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America!

Here's a way for every one of you
to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers,
brothers or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent
Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to “keep ‘em
flying” by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry M. Morgenthau, Jr.

FOR VICTORY



**BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

**THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE—VICTORY!**

I CERTAINLY HATE TO SPOIL THIS GUYS WALK WITH MY SHOES ON-

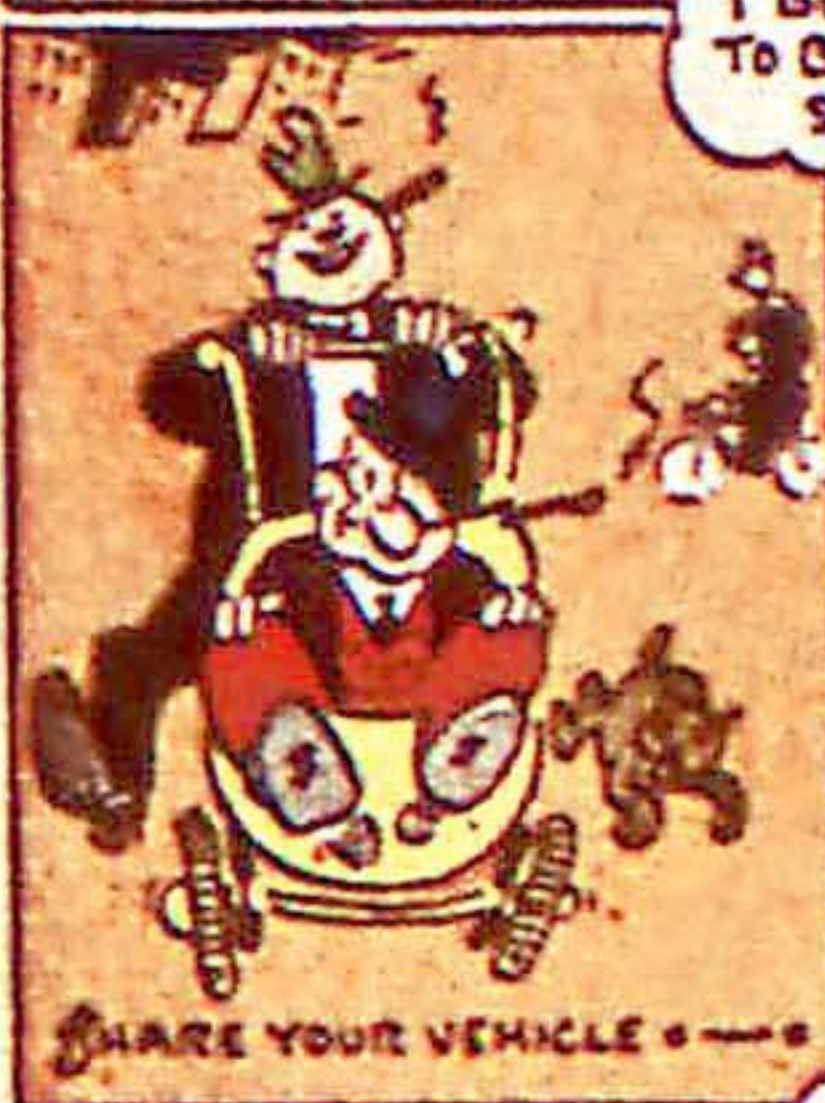


DILLY DOODIES

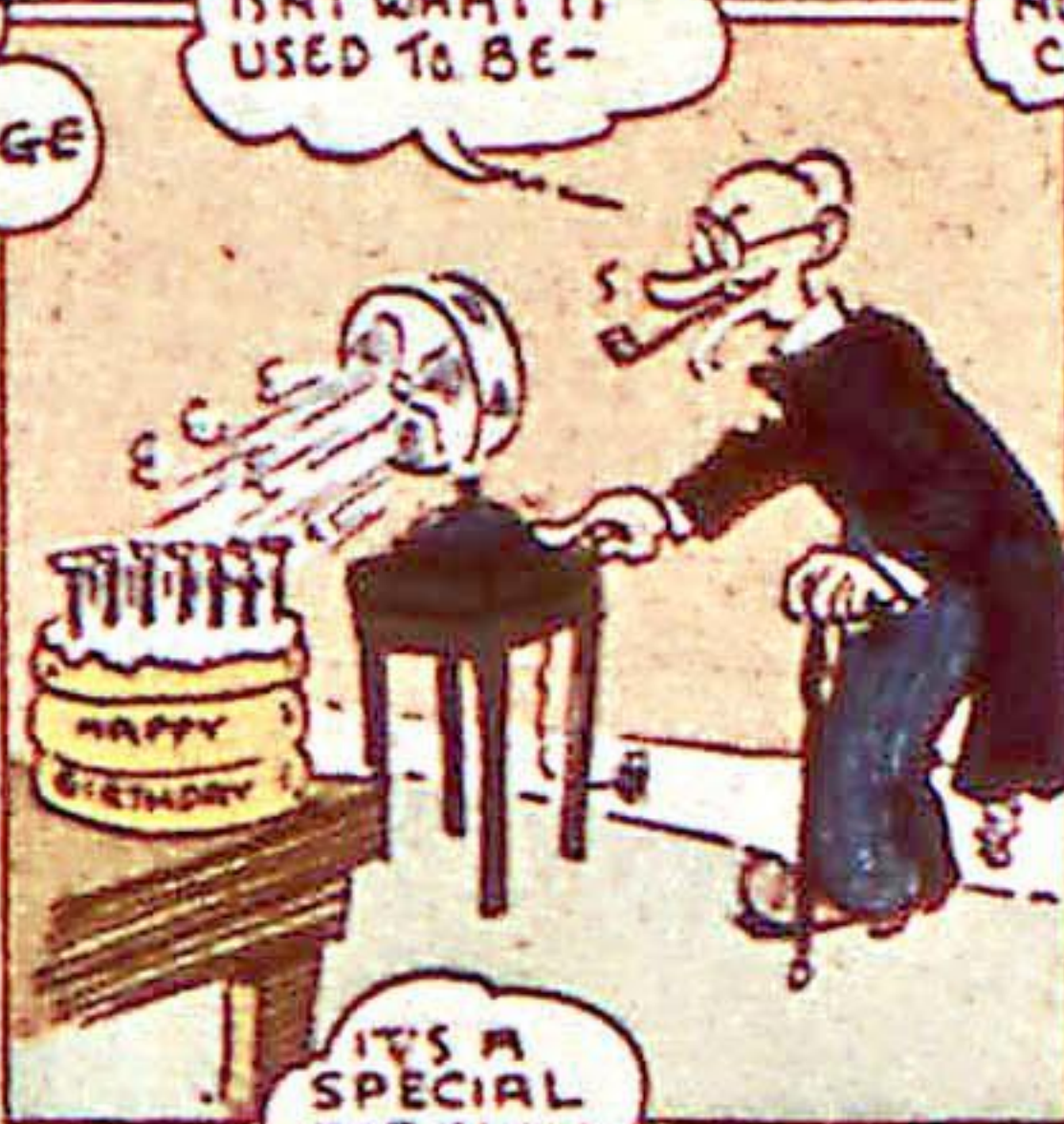
BY LOU PAIGE



GOSH— I BETTER GET TO BED— I'M SICK—



HEY YOU THIS IS A CAMOUFLAGE TREE —





SENTINELS OF LIBERTY SECRET CLUB NEWS



CAP says:

Sentinels, here's REAL BIG NEWS! In the next issue I'll announce the winners of last month's big contest, so watch for it, and maybe YOUR name will be among the lucky winners!

And in this issue the Sub-Mariner enters your Captain America Magazine for the first time—Let me know if you like this idea, as I'm always anxious to know what you think about your magazine.

So long until next month!

HI PALS!



BUCKY says:

Ya-Hoo, Pals!

Cap told me today that he's very pleased about welcoming all you new members as Sentinels of Liberty.

Don't forget to write in and let us know how you like the stories in this issue—Gosh, Cap and I sure do seem to get around, don't we?

And don't forget next month's issue because we're announcing the winners of last month's contest. And the adventures Cap and I have in the next issue are really exciting!

Here's your code message for this month—be sure to try to carry it out!

WLD HYR WXZSP YZS PNYAVP!

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Get it the American Way



TAKE-ME-ALONG GIRL'S OVERNIGHT CASE

The smartest new travel aid, with dozens of uses. Alligator grain covering, mirror in lid, trinket tray. Sell only one order.

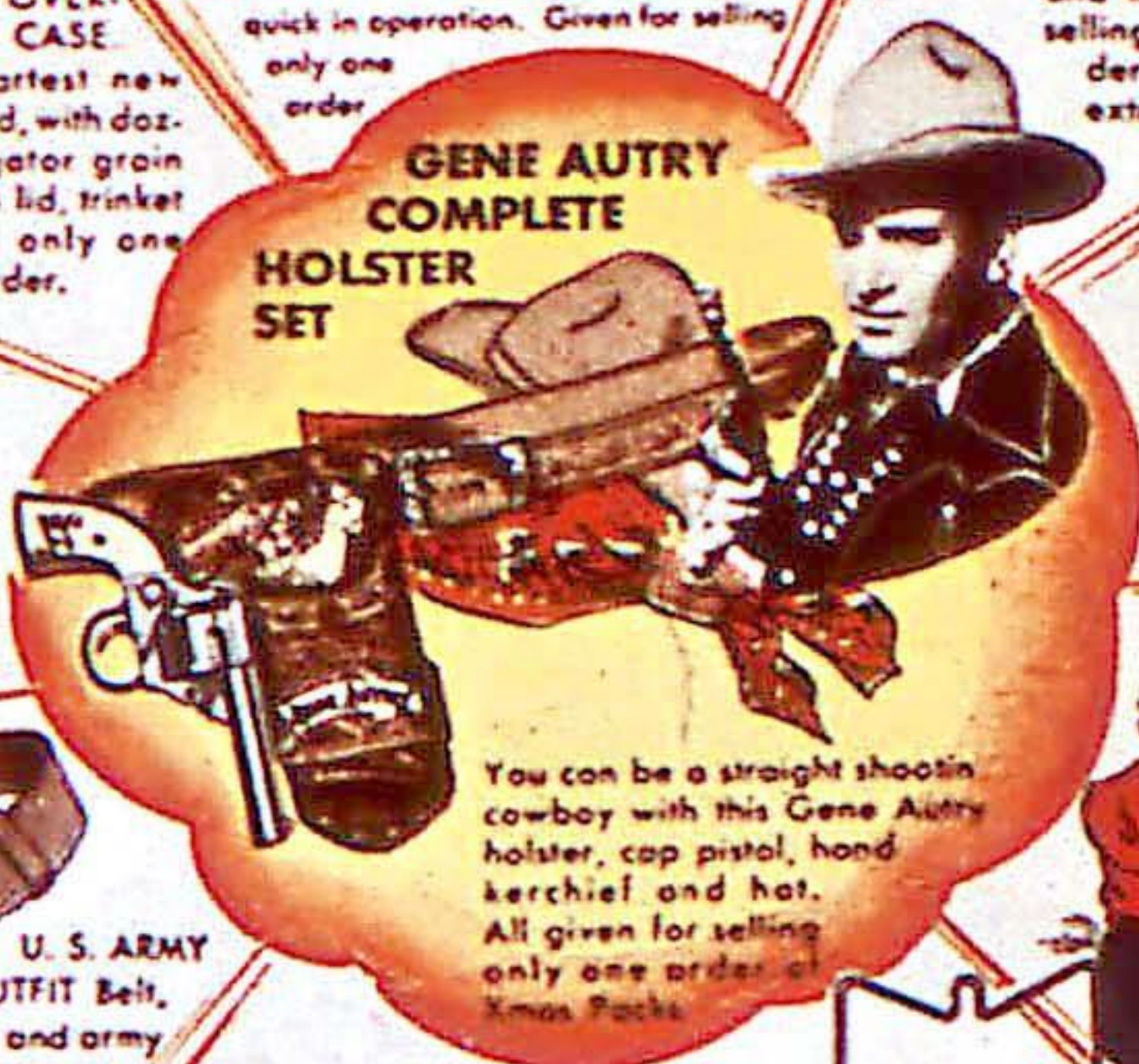


CANDID TYPE CAMERA Easy to focus, quick in operation. Given for selling only one order.



WRIST WATCH for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.

GENE AUTRY COMPLETE HOLSTER SET



You can be a straight shootin cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap pistol, handkerchief and hat. All given for selling only one order of Xmas Packs.



YALE FOOTBALL SET Official size football and pump given for selling only one order.



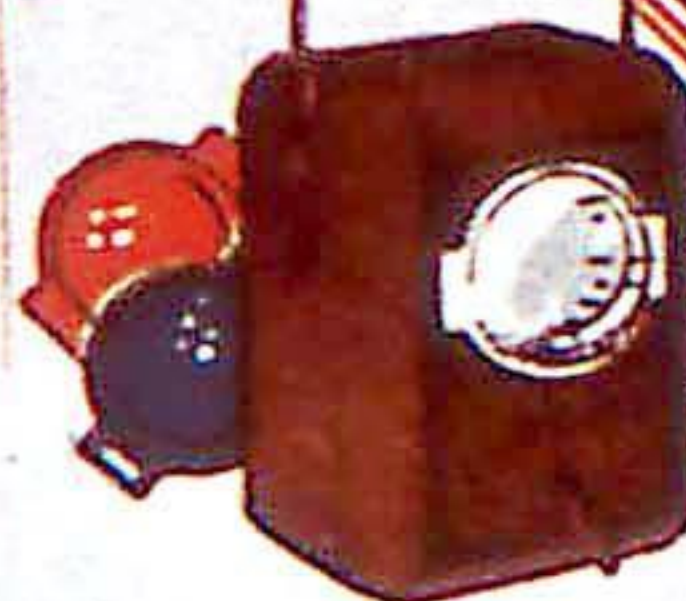
ELECTRIC MOVIE OUT-FIT with film. Given for selling only one order, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.



U. S. ARMY OUTFIT Belt, holster and army Colt Repeater cap pistol. Given for selling only one order.



Given for selling only one order. Sent expressage collect. **SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED**



VICTORY LIGHT Easily carried flashlight with three lenses—

WHITE for regular use, RED for warning, BLUE for black-outs. Complete with batteries, for selling only one order.



VICTORY WATCH & FOB Newest type watch with track dial & red second indicator. Sell only one order.

OTHER PRIZES YOU CAN GET

by our plan, as explained in our Big Prize Catalog.

- Airplanes
- Toilet & Manicure Set
- Ice Skates
- Electric Football Game
- Gene Autry Guitar
- Mantle Clock
- Electric Lamp
- G-Man Set
- "Sleepy-head" Doll
- Chemistry Set
- 32-pc. Dinner Set
- World Globe

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog are **GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST** for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE CATALOG**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Catalog—tell us what prize you want. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 710, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 710, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____